

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3329.—VOL. CXXII.

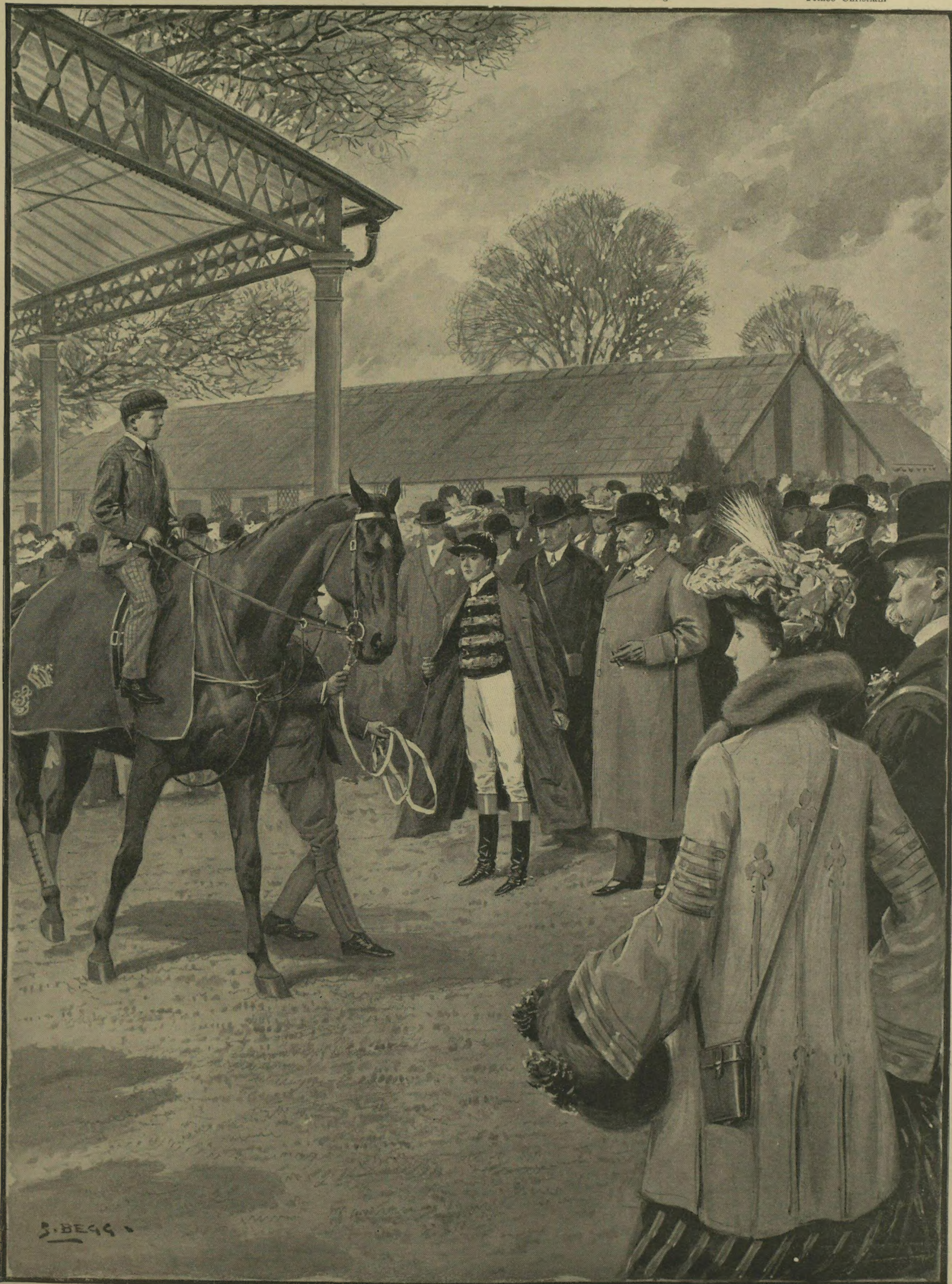
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1903.

SIXPENCE.

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Lord Marcus Beresford. The King.

Prince Christian.



THE KING AT KEMPION PARK, JANUARY 30, THREE DAYS BEFORE HIS ILLNESS: AMBUSH II. PARADING BEFORE HIS MAJESTY.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT KEMPTON PARK.

*King Edward took the liveliest interest in the preparation of his horse, Ambush II., for the Stewards' Steeplechase. The animal, unfortunately, had a mishap at the water-jump, and came in a bad fourth.*



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Germany has a few indiscreet friends in this country. You may find them pleading that it would have been improper for our Government to refuse German co-operation in the coercion of Venezuela. They take their stand upon manners. How could we have put such a slight upon a great Power? Think of the feelings of the King's nephew! Manners were not of much account to Herr von Bülow on that famous occasion in the Reichstag when he insulted the British Army. Manners did not dissuade him from that amazing disclosure that the Kaiser's telegram to Mr. Kruger in 1896 was dictated by a desire to find whether Europe was prepared to follow this lead against England. The result, he admitted, was disconcerting. Manners have never had the smallest influence upon German policy in regard to this country. There are plenty of blandishments for Russia, and for the United States. Baron Speck von Sternburg oozes politeness at every pore. Such a bowing and scraping as this German Ambassador exhibits for the entertainment of American spectators, diplomacy has never beheld. Washington is asked to believe that nothing is dearer to the Kaiser's heart than the Monroe Doctrine. We shall hear next that he sleeps with President Roosevelt's photograph under his pillow. All this serves the German interest, no doubt; but it has served the German interest equally well to treat us with a plentiful lack of common civility.

Now, it would have been perfectly courteous and politic to tell Germany that we did not want her co-operation. When the Foreign Office protested against the passage of Russian torpedo-boats through the Dardanelles, Germany hastened to assure Russia that she did not dream of protesting. She consulted her own interest without the slightest reference to the mouldy Treaty to which she happened to be a party. It is idle to complain of that. But our Government might have told her with equal explicitness that it did not suit British interests to be saddled with responsibility for her grievance against Venezuela. We had our own grievance, and that was enough for us. If she had chosen to regard this as a snub, she might have been gently invited to read the speeches of Count von Bülow. Her indiscreet friends say she would have gone to Venezuela by herself, and that it would have been most inconvenient to have two separate blockades. It might have been inconvenient, but not to us. I doubt whether the Kaiser would have run the risk of exasperating American opinion in solitude, as he has done in our company. We could have no motive, for obliging Germany at our own cost; therefore we should have pursued an independent policy, and left her to mind her own business. She would have been landed in a diplomatic "bunker," in which all the bowing and scraping of Baron Speck von Sternburg would have been no use at all. And we should have paid her out with perfect urbanity for a long series of ill turns in nearly every part of the world.

I have been reading in the *Empire Review* an article by a German writer who calls himself a pupil of Bismarck. The coolness of this personage is quite delightful. Germany, says he, "does not pursue an offensive policy, and wants to live at peace with everybody." Her method of living at peace with us we have had too much occasion to admire. Bismarck, I suppose, was never "offensive." He did not talk to "little Busch" of the English "swine"; he did not write an insolent letter to the Emperor William I. about Queen Victoria; he did not organise that animus against England which broke out in a torrent three years ago. I do not rake up these bygones for the love of them; but really this precious Bismarckian in the *Empire Review* must understand that we are not so simple and credulous as he imagines. It was Bismarck's habit to burst into virtuous wrath when he was found out; so his pupil roundly accuses the *Times* of lying about Dr. von Holleben's notorious attempt to make bad blood between America and England by the discreditable intrigue against Lord Pauncefoot. It needs some courage to make this charge in an English periodical, when all the facts are familiar to English readers. But the incident is useful: it shows the need of steering clear of entanglements with the diplomacy which still cherishes the Bismarckian tradition.

Mr. George Meredith, who, at the age of seventy-four, delights his friends by looking at life "with a young man's eye," has been saying that our people, with all their patriotism, have not yet mastered Imperial principles. Imperial principles are as difficult of definition as the Monroe Doctrine; but I think the people have shown that they have a pretty clear idea of what is not consistent with those principles. They rejected, for instance, the counsel of despair that South Africa was not worth a costly war. They turned a deaf ear to the politician

who advised them to "cut the loss," as if the Empire were an unsuccessful grocery store. They desire to maintain reasonable ties between the Mother Country and the Colonies—ties partly of sentiment, partly of common interest. That is a good working principle; the rest is administration. Mr. Chamberlain has explained our methods to the Boers with so much success that General Delarey's passive loyalty has become active. There is a stroke of statesmanship which makes Imperial principles more lucid on the veldt than they are in some corners of the National Liberal Club!

But of course there are things which, as Dundreary used to say, no fellow can understand. No Briton can reasonably be expected to know what the blessed Constitution of these realms may mean at any given moment. If Mr. George Meredith will turn his splendidly youthful gaze upon that portent, I believe the Comic Spirit, of which he is the high priest and chosen vessel, will rob him of decorum for a month. Generally speaking, the Constitution means that this island is the land of the brave and the home of the free. If you want anything more precise, you will have to face all the "old women," as Lord Rosebery calls them, who nourish their aged bones with a posset made of precedents. They will mumble to you in a toothless way about "Whig principles," and warn you against a dreadful statesman who proposed to destroy the Constitution by making Lord Kitchener Secretary for War, with a responsibility separate and distinct from that of the Cabinet. Think how this would derange the "delicate machinery of representative government"! While you are thinking about it, and turning pale, you may light upon Mr. Sidney Low's startling exposition in the *Nineteenth Century* of what our unconscionable Constitution is up to now. Home of the free indeed! Delicate machinery of representative government forsooth! Rash man, you will learn that such things, except to make the old women's posset, do not exist. In that homely vernacular which is unhappily going out of use, they are all my eye!

This is what Mr. Low says about the Anglo-German compact: "It is certain that no autocratic Sovereign with his Imperial Chancellor could have committed his country more absolutely, or more silently, than our own Executive to a striking new departure in international policy." You have been sleeping peacefully every night in the belief that "the Ministers are nothing but the servants and delegates of the House of Commons, which is itself responsible to the Nation." Sleep no more; Sidney Low hath murdered sleep! "What had the House of Commons, what had the Nation, to do with the Venezuela arrangement?" What can you expect when the real Government of England consists of the Prime Minister and three or four colleagues, who form a "small Junta or Cabal," and decide all vital questions? They do this very often at country-houses. When you read in the evening gossip that Mr. Balfour and three of his colleagues have been playing golf, little do you suspect that the nation's fate was in the eighteenth hole! They are a "Venetian oligarchy," says the remorseless Mr. Low. Junta, Cabal, Venetian oligarchy; and this is the Constitution, A.D. 1903! You will agree with me that, since Kosciuszko fell, Freedom has never had better cause to set up a shriek. But she is dumb; and if Lord Kitchener were appointed Autocrat in Pall Mall, nobody would shriek except those old women, who would probably choke themselves with their posset.

Perhaps it is asking too much of the nation to master Imperial principles, keep an eye on the vagaries of the Constitution, and reorganise our whole educational system. This pressure on the brain is attested by divers witnesses. Mr. Arthur Benson, speaking for Eton, complains that boys are required to know too many subjects. Greek, instead of inspiring a taste for classical literature, is associated in their minds with what Sir Peter Teazle comprehensively describes as "all that's damnable." Mr. Herbert Paul heaves an Attic sigh over the coming abdication of Greek at the Universities. An iconoclast named Eltzbacher, provoked by this controversy about the true scope of education, would have us throw all our books into the fire. "What is the good of reading?" he asks. It clogs the brain, and stifles native genius. In all ranks of life you see people eternally conning books, papers, and periodicals. In Mr. Carnegie's free libraries they are absorbed in novels, or the betting news or the advertisements of the daily journals. This feverish zest for study cripples common sense, which would act as a divining-rod in all the affairs of life, if we would leave off crushing it under a load of knowledge. Mr. Eltzbacher thinks you can be a great soldier without a military library. The enemy is in front of you; use your divining-rod, and do not bother your head about Hannibal. The simplicity of all this would have delighted Napoleon and Moltke if they had only thought of it. We are more fortunate than they, and can appoint Mr. Eltzbacher to the office of Director-General of National Ignorance.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

"A SNUG LITTLE KINGDOM," AT THE ROYALTY.

In his new domestic comedy, "A Snug Little Kingdom," Mr. Mark Ambient has contrived such an amiable blend of artless sentiment and genial humour, and gives such excellent chances of acting to a good all-round company, that the thinness of his story and the conventionality of its characters will doubtless obtain ready indulgence. Very engaging, after all, is the dear old fable which rewards neglected genius and self-sacrificing affection, and it is pleasant at the Royalty Theatre to watch the riotous benevolence of the inevitable good fairy, who assists an unselfish musical composer to produce his rejected masterpiece, and to marry the girl-ward he is blindly handing over to a youthful suitor. A droll fairy it is, though—an eccentric Yorkshire millionaire whom the shrewd playgoer recognises at once as the orphan heroine's "long-lost" father. At his very first meeting with the composer, this man of business starts confiding the secret of his own unhappy marriage, and oh! the interminable time the story takes in telling! Truth to tell, this long narration is the chief means by which the playwright pads out a theme only substantial enough for a one-act play. Still, Mr. Ambient provides plenty of hearty fun with his garrulous landlady, his egotistical young doctor, and his artful hospital nurse, and their humours are neatly pointed by Mrs. Calvert, Mr. H. B. Warner, and Miss Nancy Price. So that "A Snug Little Kingdom" would afford no little entertainment even if the sentimental rôles were not capably rendered by resonant Mr. Lyn Harding and by Miss Maude Danks, even if Mr. Charles Warner did not as the Yorkshireman prove himself afresh one of the best of our robust character-comedians, as well as a master in the expression of domestic emotion.

## MUSIC.

Two débutantes in the musical world appeared on Saturday, Jan. 31, at the Bechstein Hall—Miss Winifred Adeney and Miss Hilda Coe. Miss Adeney gave the concert, and sang with much freshness and charm. Her selection of songs was varied—Beethoven, Handel, Haydn, Purcell, and Mendelssohn and to end the concert Miss Adeney sang delightfully the "Elégie" of Massenet, the "Wiegenlied" of Taubert, a song of Max Strange, and "The Dawn of Spring" of Tchaikowsky. She has only two faults, that probably arise from nervousness—one, a too-generous use of the vibrato, and the other a clipping of vowels, that are not true, but more like the modified German vowel. This makes her singing more pleasing in French or German, in which, strangely, her intonation is much purer. Miss Hilda Coe is a brilliant harpist who should have a marked success in London.

At the Bechstein Hall on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 29, Herr Gottfried Galston, the young pianist, gave a recital. He has extraordinary talent, and a romantic, delightful taste which was most clearly shown in the fascinating Capriccio of Bach, the Scherzo of Tchaikowsky, and the "Mephistowalzer" of Liszt. His technique is brilliant, and the difficult transcription by Signor Busoni of the Chaconne of Bach and the Saint Saëns transcription of the Overture of Bach were faultlessly played. The rendering of the Sonata in C sharp minor of Beethoven also gave great pleasure.

Miss Janet Duff, the Scotch contralto, gave an interesting vocal recital on Wednesday, Jan. 28, at Maida Vale, in which she sang with her usual charm songs by Charpinade, Grieg, and Bemberg, a quaint little lullaby in manuscript by Arthur Wood, and some songs from "The Turkish Hills" of Clutsam. She, as a pupil of Korba, is always at her very best in his songs, as she proved again her impassioned rendering of "My Brown Boy" and her singing of his "Invocation." Miss Duff was assisted by Miss Mary Law, the brilliant child-violinist, who played with a wonderful amount of tone, clever phrasing, and facility the brilliant Rondo of Wieniawski and the Romanze of Johannes Wolf.

The Royal Albert Hall Choral Society on Thursday evening, Jan. 29, once more gave Mr. Coleridge-Taylor's setting of "Hiawatha." It was quite the best rendering that the Society has given. They have mastered at length the composer's difficult rhythm, that so quaintly illustrates the Indian village life. The chorus was keenly alive to the subtle humour of the wedding and the haunting desolation of Minnehaha's death, and never missed a point through clumsy phrasing or over-accentuation. Sir Frederick Bridge conducted the choir and orchestra, of which he may justly be proud.

On Jan. 30, at the St. James's Hall, Mr. Leonard Borwick gave his second pianoforte recital of the present series. He played in a most artistic fashion the Sonata of Chopin in B minor, and gave an earnest of growing poetical feeling which, allied to his always elaborately conscientious technique, lifts him into the front rank of pianists.

## ART NOTES.

M. Raffaëlli has done well to place the medium he has invented in the hands of such artists as those who now exhibit at the Holland Fine Art Gallery, in Grafton Street. Among the artists whom he has tempted temporarily to abandon the palette (his new colours doing away with that article of studio furniture) are Mr. Swan, Mr. Tuke, Mr. Thaulow, and MM. Steinlen, Cheret, Besnard, and last, but not in this case least, the inventor himself. In the hands of artists who already have styles and mannerisms that are well moulded, M. Raffaëlli's "stick" does not destroy but rather augments their individuality. They beat about no bush with it. They have one and all fallen into the way of it, and with so much



case that it seems to be already more characteristic of their work than the mediums which they have customarily employed.

Yet it would be sad to think that so picturesque an adjunct of the studio as the palette should be altogether banished. How would the artist compose himself in the mirror when doing that inevitable subject, himself, without the fine curves that Sir Joshua and endless others have used to so much advantage? It is hard to predict how far these novel solid oil-paints, in stick form, will replace the traditional "tube." We may say with some show of certainty, however, that a serious blow is aimed at the present-day pastel. When used without any manipulation of brush or finger, the "stick" produces a result exactly similar to a pastel, but with the enormous advantage of durability. The one perishes at a touch; the other dries as absolutely as ordinary oil-paints, and as quickly. M. Raffaelli himself uses his new medium with great skill.

Compactness is one of the qualities that modern life demands in all its branches; and this M. Raffaelli achieves in his revolutionising solid-paint. The outfit of the landscape-painter is much curtailed, for, armed with his sticks, he needs no brush, no tubes of paint, no palette, and no oils. It is true, however, that without supplementary weapons his work cannot be classed as anything but very superior pastel. What the Raffaelli colours are capable of with the manipulation of the brush or the palette-knife may be seen to a quite surprising degree in Grafton Street. "The magic stick," one of its ablest wielders has nicknamed it. In one corner of the gallery is a drawing with the appearance of having been executed in brown chalk; a seascape, crying out for recognition as an oil-painting pure and simple, is beside it; and a portrait, every feature of which emphatically declares it to be pastel, hangs near. The same stick has accomplished all three. M. Besnard has gone still further in the conjuring trick, having produced a picture which might pass muster as a water-colour. We could wish to have been on the platform (or in the studio) when the feat was done.

Mr. Fritz Thaulow exhibits half a dozen pictures, all bearing testimony to the adaptability of the new medium to the artist's peculiarities of style. Quite charming are three small pictures by Mr. Grosvenor Thomas; but M. Steinlen disappoints in the samples of his art he has chosen to send for the inspection of Londoners. Nor has M. Cheret done well, his colour being colder in quality than is usual in his work.

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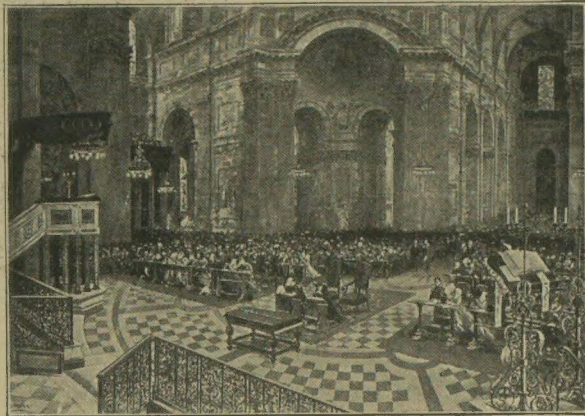
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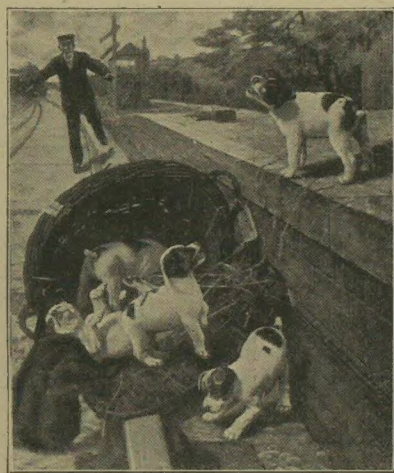
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# RECENT EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

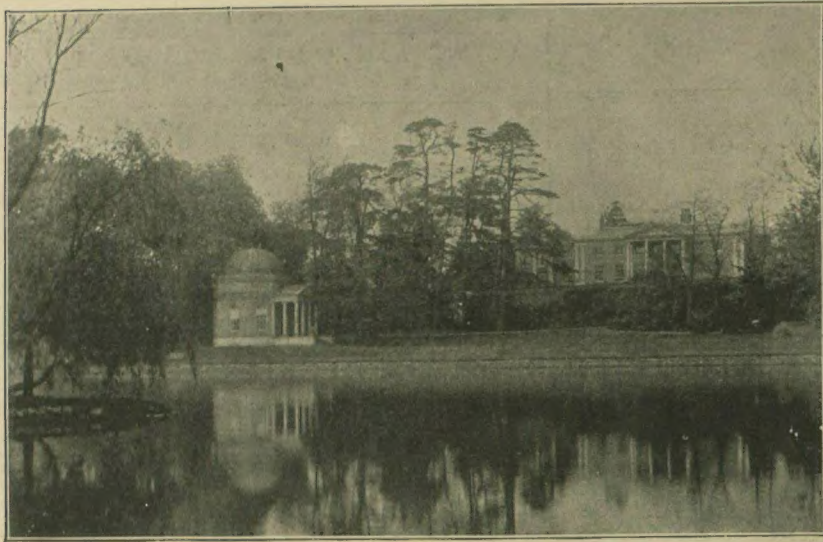


Photo. Ives.

A HISTORICAL RESIDENCE MENACED: GARRICK VILLA,  
HAMPTON-ON-THAMES.

*Neither the lawn nor the temple will be interfered with. At Garrick Villa, Dr. Johnson was a frequent visitor of the actor's.*

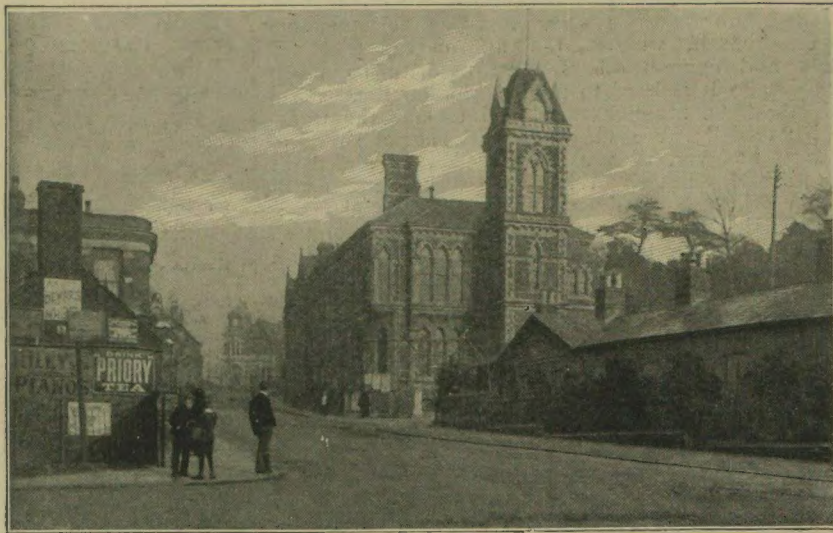


Photo. Sargisson.

UNDER THE HAMMER: THE TOWN HALL, SUTTON COLDFIELD,  
WARWICKSHIRE.

*Though comparatively new, the Town Hall is inadequate to the needs of the ancient borough, and is to be sold by auction.*



Photo. Helsby.

THE DISASTROUS FIRE AT COLNEY HATCH: RUINS OF THE  
ANNEXE WHERE FIFTY-ONE PATIENTS PERISHED.

*The annexe, being a temporary structure, was quickly consumed. Even then many lives might have been saved had the unfortunate lunatics not rushed back into the flames.*



A 130-GUINEA BLACK-AND-WHITE  
DRAWING FOR CHARITY.

*At the grand matinee given at the Alhambra on January 13 in aid of the Distressed Soldiers' Fund, the original of the above drawing, by Mr. R. Caton Woodville, which decorated the programme, was put up to auction and was knocked down for a hundred and thirty guineas to Messrs. Hamilton and Co., by whose courtesy we are permitted to reproduce it. The picture represents a starving Reservist as the new Dick Whittington.*

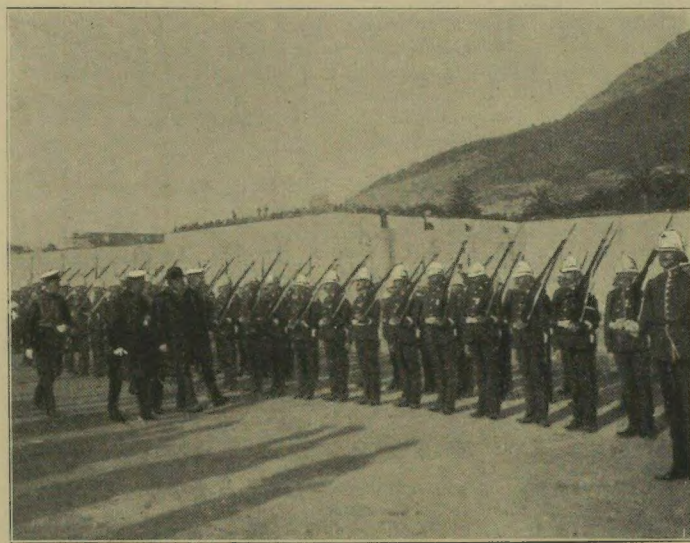


Photo. Montegruff.

MR. BRODRICK AT GIBRALTAR: THE WAR SECRETARY  
INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR.

*Mr. Brodrick arrived on January 27 on board H.M.S. "Canopus," and was received by Sir George White and staff and a guard of honour of the Royal Garrison Regiment. Mr. Brodrick disembarked at the Governor's landing-place.*

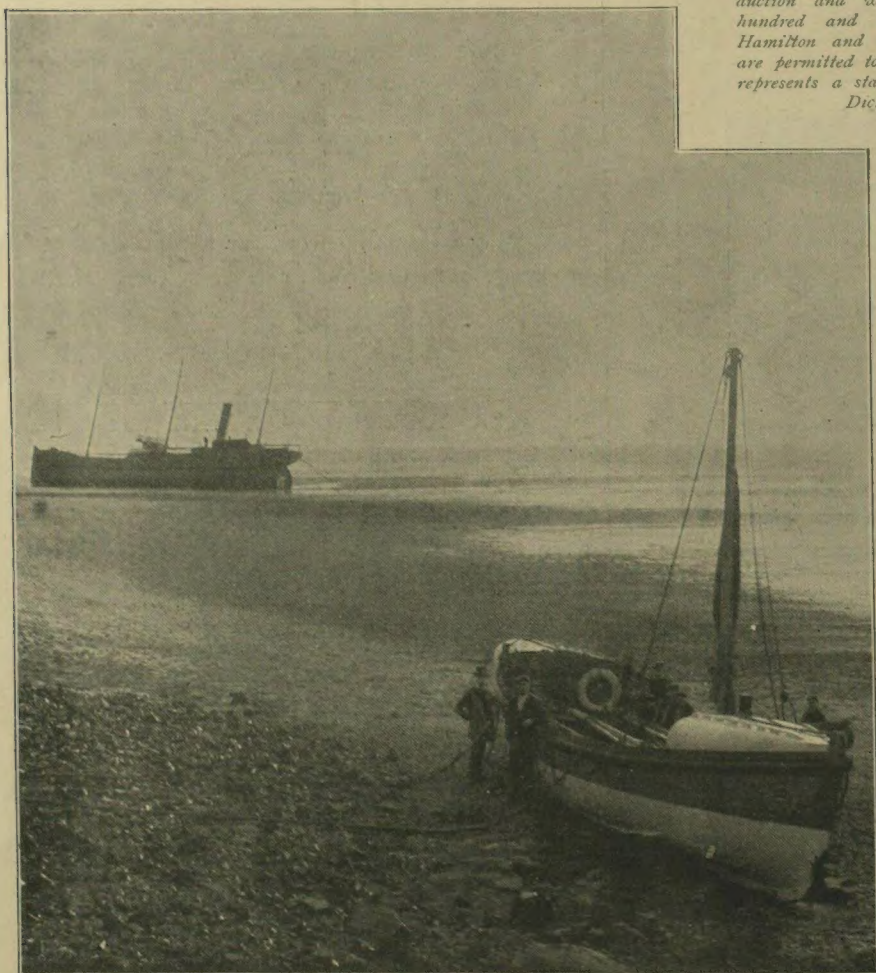


Photo. Moody.

THE MUMBLES LIFE-BEAT, WHICH LOST SIX OF HER CREW.

*In the background is the stranded steamer "Christina" which the life-boat set out to assist on February 4.*

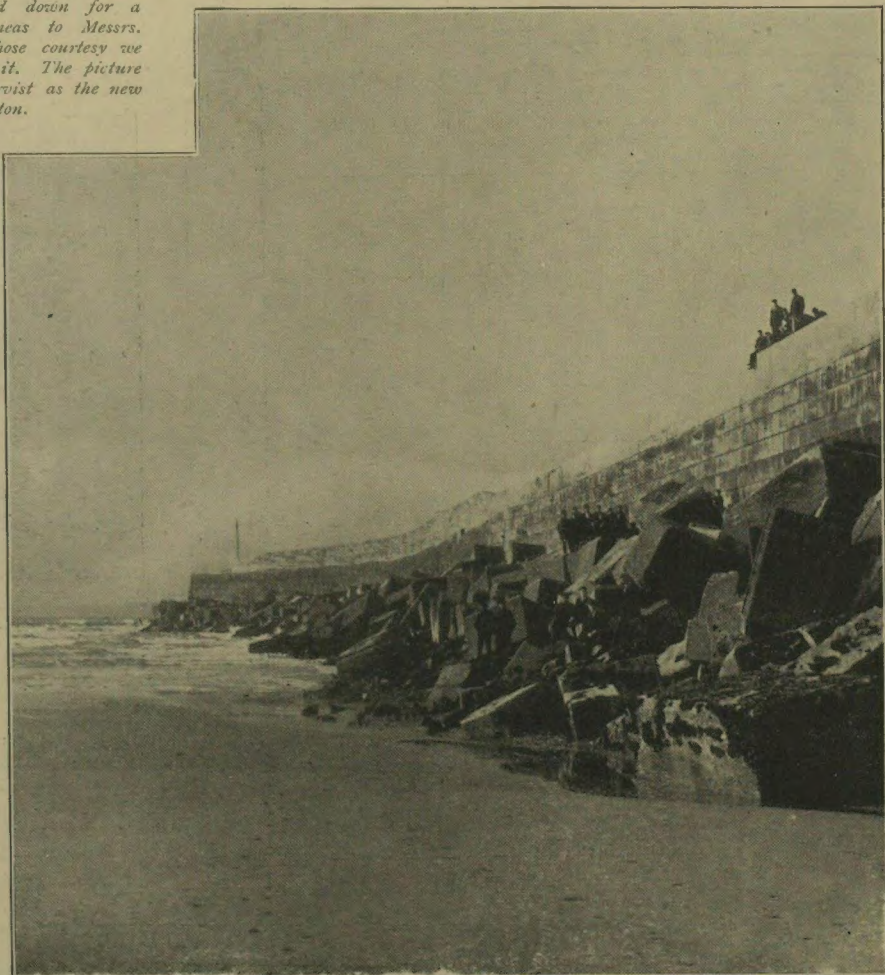


Photo. Moody.

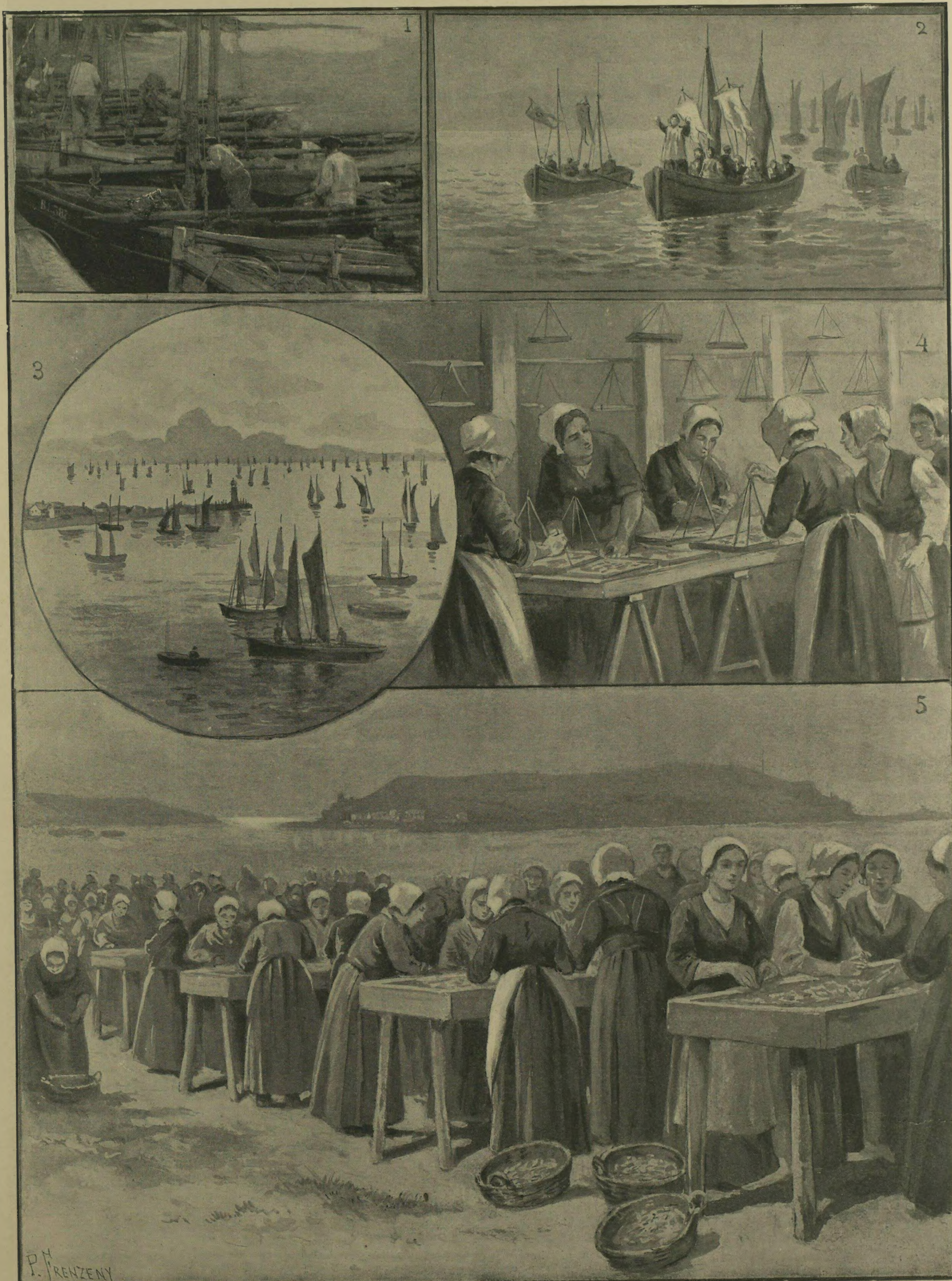
THE SCENE OF THE LIFE-BEAT DISASTER: THE PIER, PORT TALBOT.

*Against the concrete blocks the unfortunate life-boatmen were dashed by the waves, and some, it is believed, perished rather by the impact than by drowning.*



# THE SARDINE FAMINE IN FRANCE: SCENES OF THE FISHERY IN BRITTANY.

DRAWN BY P. FRENZENY, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN BRITTANY.



1. SARDINE FISHING-BOATS ALONGSIDE THE WHARVES AT PONCARNEAU.

2. THE BEGINNING OF THE SEASON: PROCESSION ON THE SEA TO INVOKE A BLESSING ON THE FISHERY.

3. THE FISHING FLEET LEAVING DOUARNENEZ, THE LARGEST SARDINE PORT.

4. DRYING SARDINES IN A CANNERY AT DOUARNENEZ. AS SOON AS THE FISH ARE SORTED, THEY ARE PUT UPON HEATED TRAYS TO DRY.

5. TYPES OF THE DISTRESSED FISHING POPULATION: FISHERWOMEN PREPARING SARDINES FOR CANNING AT DOUARNENEZ.



## PERSONAL.

Dr. James Edward Sewell, for over forty years Warden of New College, Oxford, did not long outlive the announce-



Photo. Hills and Saunders.  
THE LATE REV. J. E. SEWELL, D.D.,  
Warden of New College, Oxford.

ment of his intention to retire, his death occurring on Jan. 29. The son of Mr. Thomas Sewell, a solicitor practising in the Isle of Wight, and born on Christmas Day 1810, Dr. Sewell began his lengthy, if comparatively uneventful, academic career at New College, of which he became a Fellow in 1830. He obtained his degree in 1832, and for nearly thirty years took an active part in the management of the College, as Tutor, Bursar, and Librarian. In 1860 he became Warden of the College, and was for four years, from 1874 till 1878, Vice-Chancellor. Under his administration New College expanded greatly. He was so much of a reformer that he allowed the rule of celibacy to be broken by Fellows. From the time of obtaining his Fellowship until his death he lived in New College.

Major-General Sir Henry John Thornton Hildyard, who has been appointed to the new position of Director-General of Military Education and Training on the Headquarters Staff, like General Sir John French, began his career in the Royal Navy, being educated at the Royal Naval Academy, Gosport, and remaining in the senior service for five years. Joining the Army in 1867, he received his captaincy in the Highland Light Infantry in 1876; became Colonel after the Egyptian Campaign of 1882; and attained his present rank as recently as 1899. His record of active service includes the battles of Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir, for which he was mentioned in dispatches and awarded the medal and clasp, the Bronze Star, and the fourth class of the Osmanieh, and the recent South African War, during which he commanded the 2nd Brigade and the Fifth Division. General Hildyard has been D.A.A.G. and A.A.G. at Headquarters, and A.A.G. and Commandant of the Staff College at Aldershot.

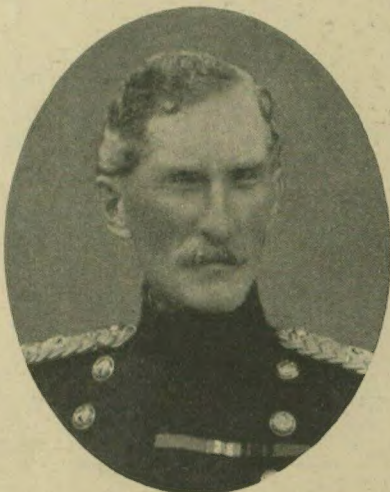


Photo. Knight  
MAJOR-GENERAL SIR H. HILDYARD, K.C.B.,  
Director-General of Military Education  
and Training.

Lord Rosebery's son, Mr. Neil Primrose, is mentioned as a candidate for Midlothian at the next General Election. It is said that Lord Rosebery does not wish his son to enter public life for some years to come. But the date of the General Election is not imminent.

Born at Mannerstadt, Kissingen, in 1829, Herr Meyer Lutz, who died on Jan. 31, became somewhat of an infant prodigy, playing the piano in an orchestra when he was twelve years old. He settled in England in 1848, holding appointments as church organist in Birmingham and Leeds, and subsequently for forty years as organist and choirmaster to St. George's Roman Catholic Cathedral, Southwark. He was the composer of several grand masses and other sacred music during this period, but it was as a conductor that he came most before the public. Musical director at the Surrey Theatre under Creswick and Shepherd, he accepted a similar position at the Gaiety a few days after its opening, and there found ample scope for his talent. His best-known work was "Faust Up to Date," but he was the writer of many other tuneful compositions. For many years he wrote the songs that delighted the admirers of Nellie Farren, Edward Terry, and Fred Leslie.



Photo. Ball.  
THE LATE HERR MEYER LUTZ,  
Musical Composer.

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The King was most unfortunately prevented by an attack of influenza from paying his promised visit to Chatsworth on Feb. 2. Early on that day his Majesty, while planting trees at Windsor, caught a chill, and Sir Francis Laking strongly urged the danger of his Majesty's travelling. The visit was accordingly first postponed and then abandoned.

The King's physician is said to have laid down a prescription which would ward off a good many ailments if it were generally adopted, "Do nothing to excess." If people, he says, would eat and drink less as a precaution when they do not feel well, they would medicine themselves. Excellent advice, but it is not likely to reduce the number of visitors to the doctor's consulting-room.

The Rev. Godfrey Bolles Lee, Warden of Winchester College, who died on Jan. 29, was born in 1817 at Frogle, Hants, and was educated at Winchester and at New College, Oxford. In 1839 he graduated, and from that time until 1860 he was college tutor at Winchester, meantime taking in 1843 his M.A. degree, and being ordained respectively deacon and priest in 1845 and 1846. His appointment to the Wardenship of Winchester College was made in 1861, he being at the time Bursar of New College. Mr. Lee was devoted to sport: at Winchester he was cricket captain, and at Oxford he played in the eleven. It is remarkable that he and Dr. Sewell, both Wardens of William of Wickham's great Colleges, died on the same day.



Photo. Thomas.  
THE LATE REV. G. BOLLES LEE,  
Warden of Winchester College.

The Wesleyans have celebrated their acquisition of the Royal Aquarium by a great ceremony of rejoicing. Seven thousand people assembled to listen to speeches. The eloquence was delightfully tolerant and humane. One speaker alluded to "the interesting and genial vocations" which had been practised on the Aquarium stage, and hoped that "the ladies and gentlemen who had danced, swum, dived from the roof, and been shot out of cannons, would live long and happily."

It has been decided that the schools of the Wesleyan Communion shall administer the Education Act by placing themselves entirely under popular control. Dr. Clifford, however, still continues to call upon Nonconformists to refuse payment of the education rate.

Sir George Gabriel Stokes, Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge University since 1849, and Master of Pembroke College since last year, died somewhat suddenly on Feb. 1. Born on Aug. 13, 1819, at Skreen, County Sligo, the son of the Rev. Gabriel Stokes, Sir George was Senior Wrangler in 1841, and in the same year Fellow of Pembroke. The Fellowship he vacated by his marriage in 1857, but he was re-elected under a new Statute in 1869. His discovery of the change in the refrangibility of light brought him the Rumford Medal of the Royal Society, of which he was elected one of the Secretaries in 1854, and President in 1885. His attainments as a mathematician were marked by honorary degrees and honorary fellowships of many learned bodies, and he was at various times Lecturer at the Royal School of Mines, Burnett Lecturer at Aberdeen, and Gifford Lecturer at Edinburgh. From 1887 till 1892 he was M.P. for Cambridge University.

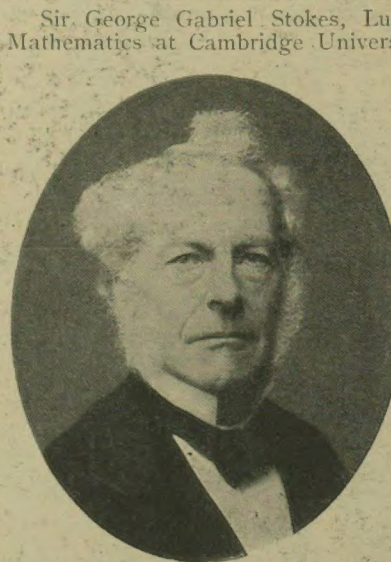


Photo. Window and Grove.  
THE LATE SIR G. G. STOKES, BART.,  
Master of Pembroke College, Cambridge.

Lady Jeune has contributed a striking article to the *New Liberal Review* in favour of the suppression of reports of divorce cases on the ground of public policy.

The Sultan of Morocco has triumphed over the Pretender, though the precise magnitude of the victory is considered doubtful by experts who are familiar with the Moorish imagination. The Pretender himself has escaped, and will not be tied to the wheel of the victor's motor-car. It seems that the Sultan has most bitterly offended the orthodox by driving this vehicle through the villages, where the little boys run after him shouting "Christian!"

Italian workmen are making their way to the Rand, and it is possible that they may be able to solve the

labour problem. In America the Italian navy is esteemed very highly.

The Rev. John Earle, Rawlinsonian Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Oxford, Prebendary of Wells, and Rector of Swanswick, who died on Jan. 31 at the age of seventy-nine, was the son of Mr. John Earle, a farmer and landowner of Elston, South Devon. Receiving his early education at the Plymouth New Grammar School, he went up to Oxford in 1842, and three years later obtained a First Class in the Final Classical School. In 1848 he was elected a Fellow of Oriel College, and in 1849 took his M.A. degree, and became Professor of Anglo-Saxon, then tenable only for a period of five years. His Rectorship was presented to him by Oriel in 1857, and his Prebendaryship of Wanstow in Wells Cathedral in 1871. In 1878, the position having been made a permanent one, he was elected to the Professorship, which he held at the time of his death. Professor Earle was the author of a number of works bearing upon his special subject.

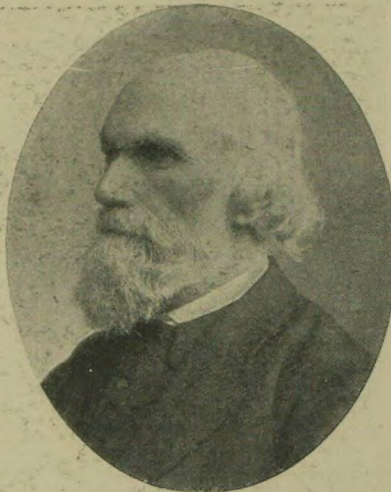


Photo. Hills and Saunders.  
THE LATE REV. JOHN EARLE,  
Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University  
of Oxford.

The Rev. Norman Macleod Ferrers, who died on Jan. 31, had been Master of Gonville and Caius College since 1880. Born at Prinknash Park, Gloucestershire, on Aug. 11, 1829, the son of Mr. Thomas Bromfield Ferrers, he was educated at Eton and at Caius College, where, in 1851, he graduated in the Mathematical Tripos, obtaining the positions of Senior Wrangler and first Smith's Prize-man. From 1865 until his election to the Mastership of the College he held a tutorship, and was on



THE LATE REV. N. M. FERRERS, D.D.,  
Master of Gonville and Caius College,  
Cambridge.

many occasions an Examiner in the Mathematical Tripos. He was for some time a member of the Council of the Senate of Cambridge, and was for a year Vice-Chancellor of the University. He became a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1877. Dr. Ferrers married Emily, daughter of the Very Rev. John Lamb, Dean of Bristol and Master of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, in 1866.

As a prelude to his new Irish Land Bill, Mr. Wyndham has revoked the proclamation of Dublin, Limerick, Waterford, and some country districts under the Crimes Act. It is generally admitted that Ireland has never known a more peaceful winter, and the clemency of the Irish Secretary is received with general goodwill.

M. Robert Planquette, the composer of the extraordinarily successful comic opera "Les Cloches de Corneville" and of many similar works and ballets, died in Paris on Jan. 28 at the age of fifty-four. In spite of the fact that his studies at the Paris Conservatoire were confined to a single year, under Duprato, M. Planquette was early recognised as a clever composer of light music, and in 1877 the work which made his name famous throughout both France and England was produced at the Folies Dramatiques, running for over four hundred nights in Paris and for over a thousand nights in London. Seven years later, "Rip van Winkle" at once completed the making of his fortune and placed him definitely in the first rank of the composers of comic opera. These two successes were followed by a series of works, which includes "The Old Guard," "Le Talisman," "Paul Jones," and "Mamzelle Quat'-Sous."

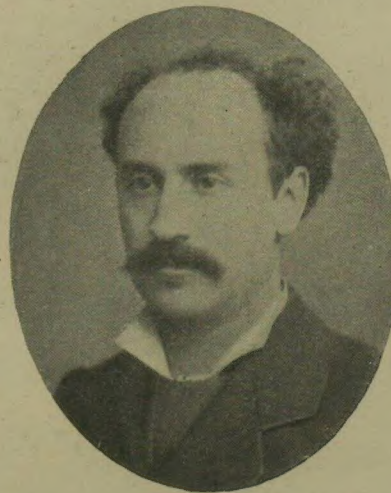


Photo. Melandri, Paris.  
THE LATE M. ROBERT PLANQUETTE,  
Composer of "Les Cloches de Corneville."



# THE COLONIAL SECRETARY'S SOUTH AFRICAN TOUR.



Photo. Nissen.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT JOHANNESBURG: THE COLONIAL SECRETARY'S ARRIVAL AT GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS.



Photo. J. Percy Watson.

THE ZULU WELCOME AT COLENZO: THE CHIEF IN COMMAND OF THE ZULU IMPI.



FORGING THE LINKS OF EMPIRE: THE COLONIAL SECRETARY ADDRESSING THE CHIEF IN COMMAND OF THE ZULU IMPIS AT COLENZO.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. J. PERCY WATSON.



Photo. J. Percy Watson.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S NARROW ESCAPE: THE WRECK OF THE WAGON ON COLENZO ROAD BRIDGE.



Photo. W. R. Prior.

AT WANDERERS' GROUND, JOHANNESBURG: THE COLONIAL SECRETARY REPLYING TO THE MUNICIPAL ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

NOTES.—While Mr. Chamberlain was on his way to visit the battle-field of Hart's Hill, a mule-wagon containing a large party of journalists was almost precipitated into the river owing to the mules becoming restive. Fortunately, the end of the iron span jammed against the rail and averted disaster. The wagon immediately preceded Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain's vehicle. At Colenso the Colonial Secretary was received by a Zulu Impi, to whose chief he addressed a friendly speech.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE KING AT KEMPTON PARK.

After an absence of several months from the racecourse, his Majesty visited Kempton Park Meeting on the afternoon of Jan. 30. The King drove in a motor-car from Windsor Castle, and his chief object in attending the races was to see his own horse, Ambush II., which is entered for the Grand National, run in the Stewards' Steeplechase. Splendid weather favoured his Majesty's visit, and the Club inclosure was thronged with a fashionable assemblage. In the paddock Ambush II. was a great centre of interest, and his Majesty himself, accompanied by Prince Christian and Lord Marcus Beresford, watched the completion of the animal's toilet. It was apparent to expert eyes that the horse was out of condition, and he certainly looked rather gross. This was abundantly proved during the race, for at the water he blundered, and came in a bad fourth. It is said, however, that this need not be taken as any proof of Ambush II.'s inability to run in the Grand National.

## MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT JOHANNESBURG.

When Mr. Chamberlain arrived at Johannesburg on Jan. 8, a little before five o'clock in the evening, he was accorded a magnificent reception. He alighted at a splendidly decorated station, and passed through a fine avenue of Union Jacks and the Stars and Stripes, the latter flag being introduced out of compliment to Mrs. Chamberlain. The visitors were received by the Town Council, and were conducted to the Wanderers' ground—a large open space near the station, where a huge crowd had assembled to greet the Colonial Secretary. As soon as the crowd descried Mr. Chamberlain, they broke out into tremendous cheers, which continued for several minutes. No less than three addresses of welcome were presented by public bodies, and to these Mr. Chamberlain returned his warm thanks. He then delivered an address in which he referred to Johannesburg as the key of South Africa. During the following days, Mr. Chamberlain was closely engaged in receiving deputations and discussing the situation with prominent citizens. On the 16th he visited the Chamber of Commerce, where he was welcomed by the chairman of the Stock Exchange, and on the 17th he was entertained at a magnificent banquet at which the Mayor presided. Lord Milner and General Botha were among those present. Mr. Chamberlain proposed the health of the King, and the Mayor proposed that of Mr. Chamberlain, who in reply delivered a memorable speech, in which he announced the loan of thirty-five millions and a war contribution of thirty millions. On Jan. 22, Mr. Chamberlain, accompanied by Lord Milner, left Johannesburg for Potchefstroom.

## OUR "BRITISH DOMINIONS" SERIES.

Continuing the story of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, we illustrate this week our acquisition of two important territories in different hemispheres, Quebec and Hong-Kong. In 1628 the English, advancing the siege of La Rochelle as a pretext, sent Admiral Kirke to attack the French possessions in Canada. Kirke summoned Champlain, then in command of the small trading post of Quebec, to surrender rather to courtesy than to force. Champlain at first refused, but Kirke, having cut off the fleet which was to revictual the colony, reduced the French Governor to starvation and his last cartridge. Accordingly, Champlain surrendered with dignity, securing the interests of the colonists by a treaty. Quebec again fell into French hands, and so remained until 1759, when Wolfe defeated Montcalm on the plains of Abraham. A year later the British rule was finally established.

Hong-Kong, now the fourth port in the Empire, was in 1839 only a desolate island. In that year we went to war with China, and on the surrender of Canton in

1842 Hong-Kong was formally ceded by treaty to Queen Victoria. The acquisition was fiercely criticised at home, but Captain Elliott's diplomacy has been more than justified.

## THE COLLISION OFF CORFU.

On Jan. 30 the torpedo-boat destroyer *Orwell* was run down by the cruiser *Pioneer*, and was cut in two at the fore-bridge. The fore-part sank, and the after-part was towed to Corfu. Two men, a gunner and a leading stoker, were known to have been drowned; while

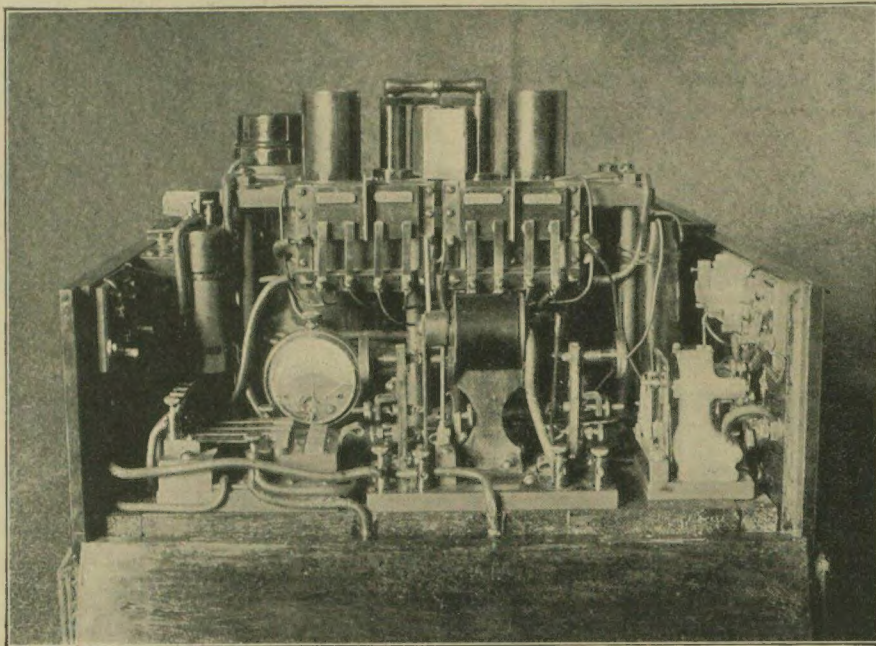


Photo. Porter, Ealing.

MINERAL-PROSPECTING BY ELECTRICITY: THE ORE-FINDING TRANSMITTING INDUCTOR.

thirteen men were missing. The funeral of Gunner Smith and Leading Stoker Perry took place on Feb. 1. It was attended by the principal officers of the Mediterranean Squadron, and was watched by large and sympathetic crowds. The town of Corfu went into mourning. The Mediterranean destroyer flotilla had left Corfu on Jan. 20 to execute manoeuvres on the west coast of Greece, and it is believed that the accident took place during night operations. The *Pioneer* is a third-class cruiser. The *Orwell* was the only torpedo-boat destroyer fitted with wireless telegraphic apparatus.

## A RUSSIAN TOWN IN THE MAKING

Russia has produced a marvellous city in the wilds of the Far East, and has made it possible for the terminus of her gigantic Asiatic railway system to assume at once a commercial importance. M. de Witte, by an

free port open to the merchants of all nations; indeed, the Russians expect that the town will be populated rather by foreign merchants than by Russian, since the latter cannot compete openly with rivals prepared to work for a return of 5 or 10 per cent. The town lies on the shores of Talien-wan Bay, and, following out M. de Witte's idea, is equipped with every necessity of a modern port and city. There are jetties and breakwaters alongside which vessels drawing thirty feet of water can unload into the trains from Moscow and St. Petersburg. On the larger jetties will be warehouses; there are two dry docks, one 350 ft. long and the other 700 ft. The sea frontages are all faced with specially prepared concrete blocks. In the city itself are roads, electric lights, electric trams, drainage, gardens, and parks; while the municipal buildings, in which foreign members of the council will sit, form the centre of the commercial town. The Chinese town lies at some distance, and the official town clusters around the docks and jetties. The Bay of Talien-wan is an ice-free harbour; thus there is no necessity for the suspension of trade during the winter, as is the case in the other Manchurian port of Newchwang.

## THE LIFE-BOAT DISASTER AT SWANSEA.

On the night of Jan. 31 the steamer *Christina*, of Waterford, got out of her course, and on Sunday was ashore in Swansea Bay. She made signals of distress, and the Mumbles life-boat, *James Stevenson*, was launched and set sail with fourteen hands across the bay. Outside Port Talbot Harbour, the steering gear fouled, and a heavy sea caught the boat on the lee side. Before she could recover, another wave caught her on the other side, and the boat capsized, throwing the crew into the water. She righted herself quickly, and five of the men contrived to get on board again, and managed to pick up two others. Another swam ashore, but the rest perished. The life-boat struck the concrete blocks of the breakwater, and it is believed that the men were killed by being dashed against the masonry.

## ORE-FINDING BY ELECTRICITY.

The new electrical ore-finding system, first conceived by Mr. Alfred Williams, and invented by him in conjunction with Mr. Leo Daft, consists of a method by which metalliferous deposits undiscoverable by the methods of mining engineering are located and mapped out. This work is accomplished by means of transmitting inductors, which deliver electric waves of a definite length, extremely sensitive to the presence of minerals, and receiving resonators tuned to detect these waves and determine their characteristics.

The waves from the inductors are impressed upon the crust of the earth, in any desired locality, and are radiated to considerable distances—horizontally and perpendicularly. Irrespective of the prime energy used, the area of the ground energised by the waves is increased or diminished at the will of the operator. Areas as small as 100 metres square, and as large as thirty square miles, or larger, are excited by one inductor. The operator traverses that portion of the energised field to be explored for mineral, and constantly receives manifestations of the waves beneath. On approaching a mineral vein or lode, the normal characteristics of the waves undergo a marked variation in intensity or direction—or both; the changes are heard in the resonators and readily interpreted. When the resonators are over the lode, the variation and intensity are greatest. Here some very specific changes abruptly take place, and by noting density of wave



Photo. Porter, Ealing.

MINERAL-PROSPECTING BY ELECTRICITY: LOCATING THE ORE.

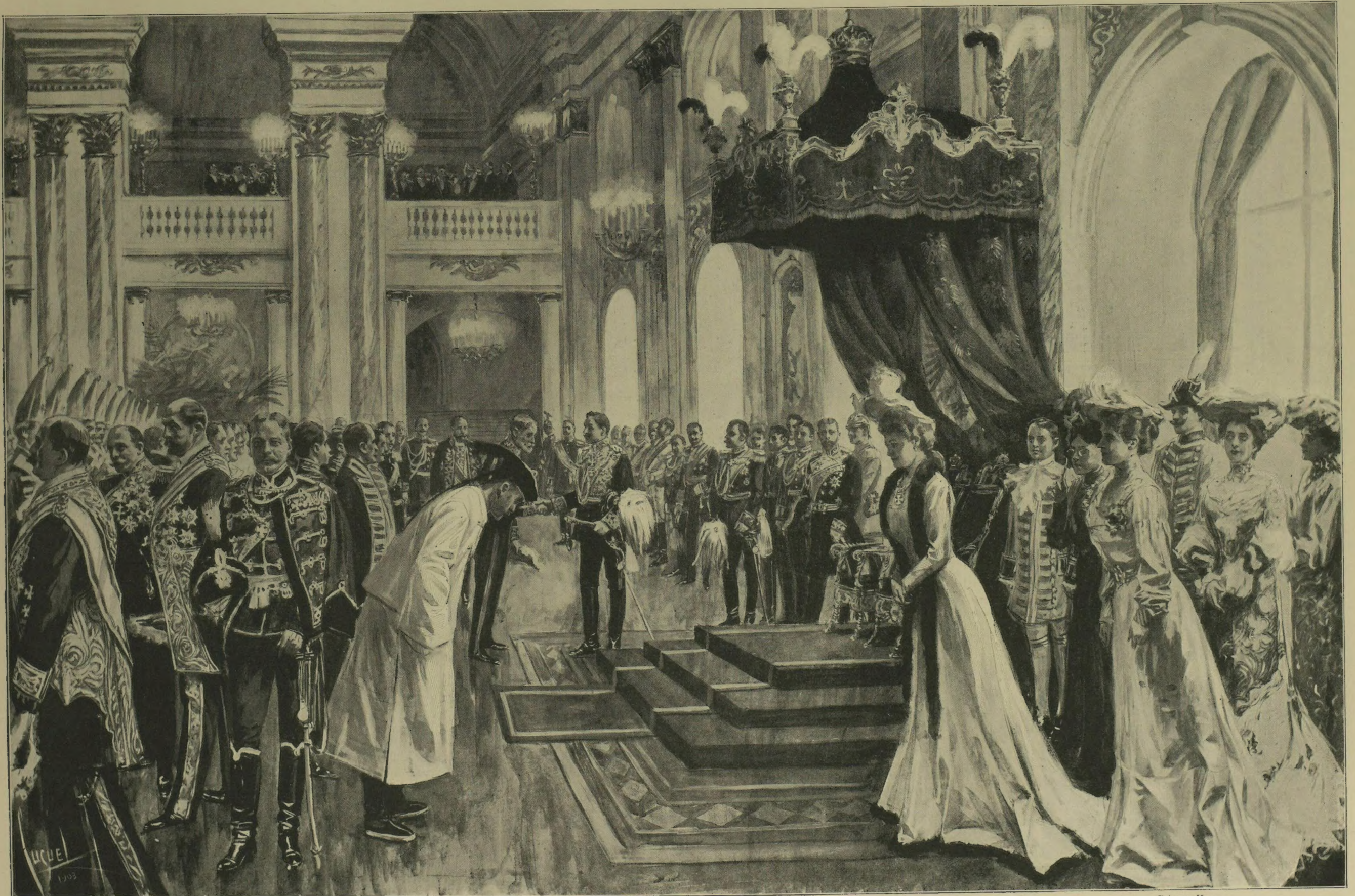
expenditure of over £4,000,000, has succeeded in constructing a town capable of housing 100,000 people, and has done this before any of the permanent inhabitants have arrived. It was only after all the scheme had been worked out that any plots of land were put up to auction for the general public. Dalny is to be a

flux, rotation of path and discord or overtone of the waves, considerable information as to the depth, width, and condition of the deposit is obtained. Veins or lodes which act as insulators as compared with their enclosing rocks are discovered with the same facility. Duplicate working is used where necessary.



# THE CELEBRATION OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S BIRTHDAY AT BERLIN, JANUARY 27.

DRAWN BY EDWARD CUCUEL, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT BERLIN.



Count von Bülow.

The Chinese Ambassador.

British Ambassador.

The Kaiser.

Prince Henry

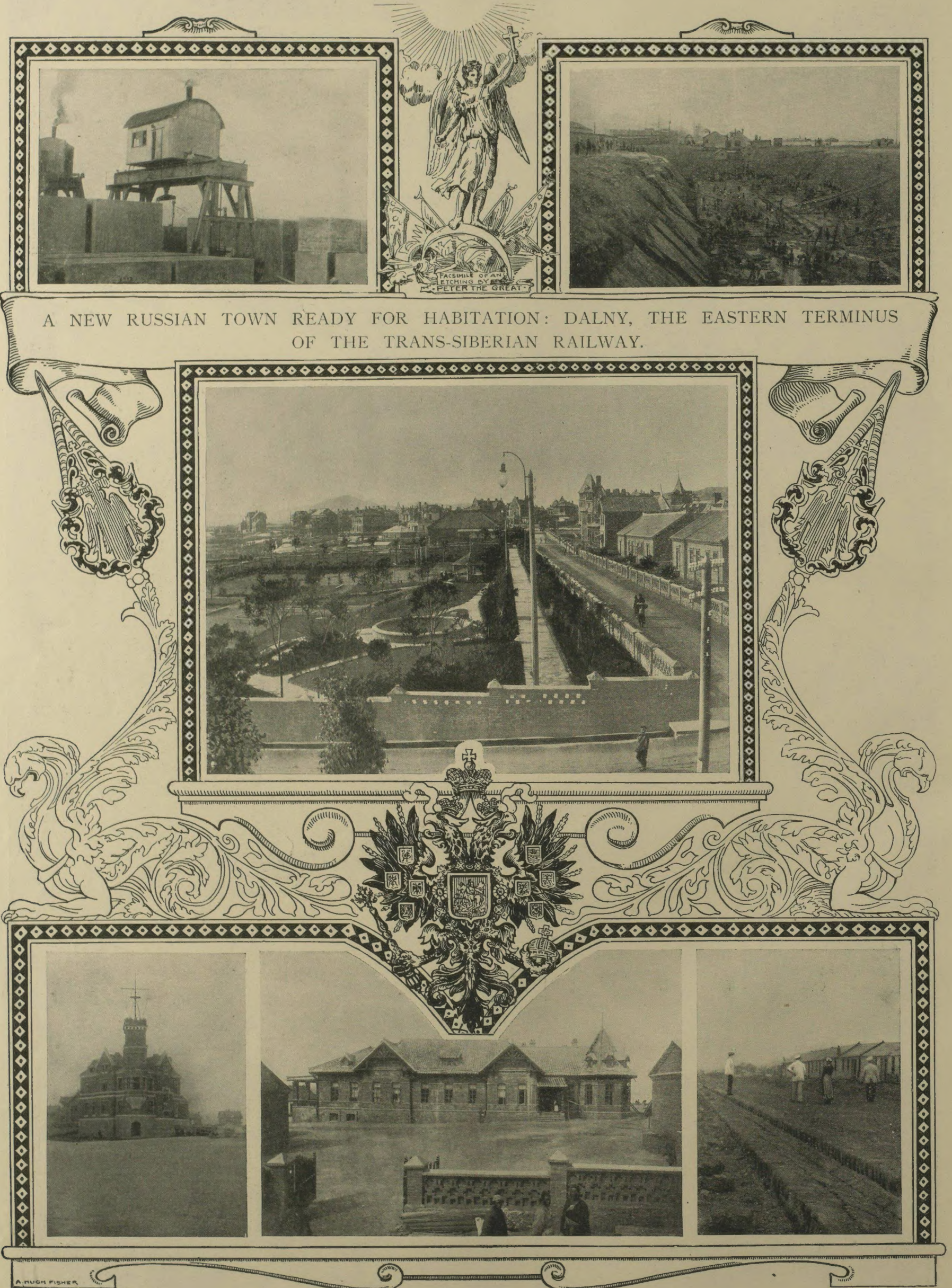
The Kaiserin.

Princess Henry.

THE FOREIGN AMBASSADORS OFFERING THEIR CONGRATULATIONS IN THE WEISSEN SAAL OF THE ROYAL PALACE: THE KAISER RECEIVING THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR.

*The public buildings of Berlin were decorated in honour of the Kaiser's birthday, and in the evening there were illuminations. His Imperial Majesty received the congratulations of the royal family and afterwards those of the foreign representatives on the completion of his forty-fourth year.*





A NEW RUSSIAN TOWN READY FOR HABITATION: DALNY, THE EASTERN TERMINUS OF THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY.



THE HARBOUR MASTER'S HOUSE AT DALNY.



THE HOSPITAL.



A ROAD UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

ENGLISH STEAM-CRANES AT WORK AT DALNY.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE RAPIDLY GROWING TOWN.

THE EXCAVATIONS FOR THE DOCK AT DALNY.



# THE COLLABORATORS;

OR, THE COMEDY THAT WROTE ITSELF.

ILLUSTRATED BY]

By "Q."

[A. FORESTIER.

## CHAPTER III.

William lifted my bag and led the way. On the first landing, where the doors stood open and the music went merrily to the last figure of the Lancers, we had to pick our way through a fantastic crowd which eyed me with polite curiosity. Couples seated on the next flight drew aside to let us pass. But the second landing was empty, and I halted for a moment at the door of my own work-room, within which lay my precious manuscript.

"This room is unoccupied?"

"Indeed no, Sir. The mistress considers it the cheerfulness in the 'ouse."

"Our tastes agree then."

"She had her bed moved in there the very first night."

"Indeed." I swung round on him hastily. "By-the-bye, what is your mistress's name?"

He drew back a pace and eyed me with some embarrassment. "You'll excuse me, Sir, but that ain't quite a fair question as between you and me."

"No? I should have thought it innocent enough."

"Of course, it's a hopen secret, and you're only askin' it to try me. But so long as the mistress fancies a hincog—"

"Lead on," said I. "You are an exemplary young man, and I, too, am playing the game to the best of my lights."

"Yes, Sir." He led me up to a room prepared for me—with candles lit, hot water ready, and bed neatly turned down. On the bed lay the full costume of a Punchinello: striped stockings, breeches with rosettes, tinselled coat with protuberant stomach and hump, cocked hat, and all proper accessories—even to a false nose.

"Am I expected to get into these things?" I asked.

"If I can be of any assistance, Sir—"

"Thank you: no." I handed him the key of my bag, flung off coat and waistcoat, and sat down to unlace my

boots. "Your mistress is in the drawing-room, I suppose, with her guests?"

"She is, Sir."

"And Mr. Herbert?"

"Mr. 'Erbert was to have been 'ome by ten-thirty. He is—as you know, Sir—a little irregular. But youth"—William arranged my brushes carefully—"youth must 'ave its fling. Oh, he's a game 'un!" A chuckle escaped him; he checked it and was instantly demure. Almost, indeed, he eyed me with a look of rebuke. "Anything more, Sir?"

"Nothing more, thank you."

He withdrew. I thrust my feet into the dressing-slippers he had set out for me, and, dropping into

an armchair, began to take stock of the situation. "The one thing certain," I told myself, "is that Trewlove in my absence has let my house. Therefore Trewlove is certainly an impudent scoundrel, and any grand jury would bring in a true bill against him for a swindler. My tenants are a lady whose servants may not reveal her name, and a young man—her husband perhaps—described as 'a little irregular.' They are giving a large fancy-dress ball below—which seems to prove that, at any rate, they don't fear publicity. And, further, although entire strangers to me, they are expecting my arrival and have prepared a room. Now, why?"

Here lay the real puzzle, and for some minutes I

could make nothing of it. Then I remembered my telegram. According to William it had been referred back to the post-office. But William on his own admission had but retailed pantry gossip caught up from Mr. Horrex (presumably the butler). Had the telegram been sent back *unopened*? William's statement left this in doubt. Now supposing these people to be in league with Trewlove, they might have opened the telegram, and finding to their consternation that I was already on the road and an exposure inevitable, have ordered my room to be prepared, trusting to throw themselves on my forgiveness, while Trewlove lay a-hiding or fled from vengeance across the high seas. Here was a possible explanation: but I will admit that it seemed, on second thoughts, an unlikely one. An irate landlord, returning unexpectedly and finding his house in possession of unauthorised tenants—catching them, moreover, in the act of turning it upside-down with a fancy-dress ball—would naturally begin to be nasty on the doorstep. The idea of placating him by a bed-room near the roof and the costume of a Punchinello was



At the library door she turned.



too bold altogether, and relied too much on his unproved fund of good-nature. Moreover, Mr. Herbert (whoever he might be) would not have treated the situation so cavalierly. At the least (and however "irregular"), Mr. Herbert would have been waiting to deprecate vengeance. A wild suspicion occurred to me; that "Mr. Herbert" might be another name for Trewlove, and that Trewlove under that name was gaining a short start from justice. But no: William had alluded to Mr. Herbert as to a youth sowing his wild oats. Impossible to contemplate Trewlove under this guise! Where then did Trewlove come in? Was he, perchance, "Mr. Horrex," the butler?

I gave it up, and began thoughtfully, and not without difficulty, to case myself in the disguise of Punchinello. I resolved to see this thing through. The costume had evidently not been made to my measure, and in the process of induing it I paused once or twice to speculate on the eccentricities of the figure to which it had been shaped or the abstract anatomical knowledge of the tailor who had shaped it. I declare that the hump seemed the one normal thing about it. But by this time my detective-hunger—not to call it a thirst for vengeance—was asserting itself above petty vanity. I squeezed myself into the costume; and then, clapping on the false nose, stood arrayed—as queer a figure, surely, as ever was assumed by retributive Justice.

So, with a heart hardened by indignation and prepared for the severest measures, I descended to the drawing-room landing. Two doors opened upon it—that of the drawing-room itself, which faced over a terrace roofing the kitchens and across it to a garden in the rear of the house, and that of a room overlooking the street and scarcely less spacious. This had been the deceased General's bed-room, and in indolence rather than impiety I had left it unused, with all its hideous furniture—including the camp-bed which his martial habits affected. And this was the apartment I entered, curious to learn how it had been converted into a reception-room for the throng which now filled it.

I recognised only the wall-paper. The furniture had been removed, the carpet taken up, the boards waxed to a high degree of slipperiness; and across the far end stretched a buffet-table presided over by a venerable person in black, with white hair, a high clear complexion, and a deportment which hit a nice mean between the military and the episcopal.

I had scarcely time to tell myself that this must be Mr. Horrex, the butler, before he looked up and caught sight of me. His features underwent a sudden and astonishing change; and almost dropping a bottle of champagne in his flurry, he came swiftly round the end of the buffet towards me.

I knew not how to interpret his expression: surprise was in it, and eagerness, and suppressed agitation, and an appeal for secrecy, and at the same time (if I mistook not) a deep relief.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," he began in a sort of confidential whisper, very quick and low, "but I was not aware you had arrived."

I gazed at him with stern inquiry.

"You are Mr. Richardson, are you not?" he asked. There could be no doubt of his agitation.

"I am; and I have been in this, my house, for some three-quarters of an hour."

"They never told me," he groaned. "And I left particular instructions—But perhaps you have already seen the mistress?"

"I have not. May I ask you to take me to her—since I have not the pleasure of her acquaintance?"

"Cert'nly, Sir. Oh, at once! She is in the drawing-room putting the best face on it. Twice she has sent in to know if you have arrived, and I sent word, 'No, not yet,' though it cut me to the 'cart."

"She is anxious to see me?"

"Desp'r't, Sir."

"She thinks to avoid exposure, then?" said I darkly, keeping a set face.

"She 'opes, Sir: she devoutly 'opes." He groaned and led the way. "It may, after all, be a lesson to Mr. 'Erbert," he muttered as we reached the landing.

"I fancy it's going to be a lesson to several of you."

"The things we've 'ad to keep dark, Sir—the goings-on!"

"I can well believe it."

"I was in some doubts about you, Sir—begging your pardon: but in spite of the dress, Sir—which gives a larkly appearance, if I may say it—and doubtless is so meant—you reassure me, Sir: you do indeed. I feel the worst is over. We can put ourselves in your 'ands."

"You have certainly done that," said I. "As for the worst being over—"

We were within the drawing-room by this time, and he plucked me by the sleeve in his excitement, yet deferentially. "Yonder is the mistress, Sir—in the yellow h'Empire satin—talking with the gentleman in sky-blue rationals. Ah, she sees you!"

She did. And I read at once in her beautiful eyes that while talking with her partner she had been watching the door for me. She came towards me with an eager catch of the breath—one so very like a cry of relief that in the act of holding out her hand she had to turn to the nearest guests and explain.

"It's Mr. Richardson—'George Anthony,' you know—who wrote 'Larks in Aspic'! I had set my heart on his coming, and had almost given him up. Why are you so cruelly late?" she demanded, turning her eyes on mine.

Her hand was still held out to me. I had meant to hold myself up stiffly and decline it: but somehow I could not. She was a woman, after all, and her look told me—and me only—that she was in trouble. Also I knew her by face and by report. I had seen her acting in more than one exceedingly stupid "musical comedy," and wondered why "Clara Joy" condescended to waste herself upon such inanities. I recalled certain notes in her voice, certain moments when, in the midst of the service of folly, she had seemed to isolate herself and stand watching, aloof from the audience and her fellow-actors, almost pathetically alone. Report said, too, that she was good, and that she had domestic troubles, though it had not reached me what these

troubles were. Certainly she appeared altogether too good for these third-rate guests—for third-rate they were to the most casual eye. And the trouble, which signalled to me now in her look, clearly, and to my astonishment, included no remorse for having walked into a stranger's house and turned it upside down without so much as a by-your-leave. She claimed my goodwill confidently, without any appeal to be forgiven. I held my feelings under rein and took her hand.

As I released it she motioned me to give her my arm. "I must find you supper at once," she said quietly, in a tone that warned me not to decline. "Not—not in there; we will try the library downstairs."

Down to the library I led her accordingly, and somehow was aware—by that supernumerary sense which works at times in the back of a man's head—of Horrex discreetly following us. At the library-door she turned to him. "When I ring," she said. He bowed and withdrew.

The room was empty and dark. She switched on the electric light and nodded to me to close the door.

"Take that off, please," she commanded.

"I beg your pardon? . . . Ah, to be sure—" I had forgotten my false nose.

"How did Herbert pick up with you?" she asked musingly. His friends are not usually so—so—"

"Respectable?" I suggested.

"I think I meant to say 'presentable.' They are never respectable by any chance."

"Then, happily, it still remains to be proved that I am one of them."

"He seems to reckon you high amongst them, at any rate, since he gave your name."

"Gave my name? To whom?"

"Oh, I don't know—to the magistrate—or the policeman—or whoever it is. I have never been in a police-cell myself," she added, with a small smile.

"Is Herbert, then, in a police-cell?"

She nodded. "At Vine Street. He wants to be bailed out."

"What amount?"

"Himself in ten pounds and a friend in another ten. He gave your name: and the policeman is waiting for the answer."

"I see," said I; "but excuse me if I fail to see why, being apparently so impatient to bail him out, you have waited for me. To be sure (for reasons which are dark to me) he appears to have given my name to the police: but we will put that riddle aside for the moment. Any respectable citizen would have served, with the money to back him. Why not have sent Horrex, for example?"

"But I thought the—the—"

"Surety?" I suggested.

"I thought he must be a householder. No," she cried, as I turned away with a slight shrug of the shoulder, "that was not the real reason! Herbert is—oh, why will you force me to say it?"

"I beg your pardon," said I. "He is at certain times not too tractable; Horrex, in particular, cannot be trusted to manage him; and—and in short you wish him released as soon as possible, but not brought home to this house until your guests have taken leave?"

She nodded at me with swimming eyes. She was passing beautiful, more beautiful than I had thought.

"Yes, yes; you understand! And I thought that—as his friend—and with your influence over him—"

I pulled out my watch. "Has Horrex a hansom in waiting?"

"A four-wheeler," she corrected me. Our eyes met, and with a great pity I read in hers that she knew only too well the kind of cab suitable.

"Then let us have in the policeman. A four-wheeler will be better, as you suggest, since with your leave I am going to take Horrex with me. The fact is, I am a little in doubt as to my influence: for to tell you the plain truth, I have never to my knowledge set eyes on your husband."

"My husband?" She paused with her hand on the bell-pull, and gazed at me blankly. "My husband?"

She began to laugh softly, uncannily, in a way that tore my heart. "Herbert is my brother."

"Oh!" said I, feeling pretty much of a fool.

"But what gave you—that do you mean—"

"Lord knows," I interrupted her: "but if you will tell Horrex to get himself and the policeman into the cab, I will run upstairs, dress, and join them in five minutes."

#### IV.

In five minutes I had donned my ordinary clothes again, and, descending through the pack of guests to the front door, found a four-wheeler waiting, with Horrex inside and a policeman whom, as I guessed, he had been drugging with strong waters for an hour past in some secluded chamber of the house. The fellow was somnolent, and in sepulchral silence we journeyed to Vine Street. There I chose to be conducted to the cell alone, and Mr. Horrex, hearing my decision, said fervently, "May you be rewarded for your goodness to me and mine!"

I discovered afterwards that he had a growing family of six dependent on him, and think this must explain a gratefulness which puzzled me at the time.

"He's quieter this last half-hour," said the police sergeant, unlocking the cell and opening the door with extreme caution.

The light fell and my eyes rested on a sandy-haired youth with a receding chin, a black eye, a crumpled shirt-front smeared with blood, and a dress-suit split and soiled with much rolling in the dust.

"Friend of yours, Sir, to bail you out," announced the sergeant.

"I have no friends," answered the prisoner in hollow tones. "Who's this Johnny?"

"My name is Richardson," I began.

"From the Grampian Hills? Al' ri', old man; what can I do for you?"

"Well, if you've no objection, I've come to bail you out."

"Norra a bit of it. Go 'way: I want t' other Richardson, good old larks-in-aspic! Sergeant—"

"Yessir."

"I protest—you hear?—protest in sacred name of law: case of mish—case of mistaken 'dentity. Not this Richardson—take him away! Don't blame you: common

name. Richardson I want has whiskers down to here, tiddy-fol-ol; calls 'em 'Piccadilly weepers.' Can't mistake him. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

"Look here," said I, "just you listen to this; I'm Richardson, and I'm here to bail you out."

"Can't do it, old man; mean well, no doubt, but can't do it. One man lead a horse to the water—twenty can't bail him out. Go 'way and don't fuss."

I glanced at the sergeant. "You'll let me deal with him as I like?" I asked.

He grinned. "Bless you, Sir, we're used to it. I ain't listening."

"Thank you." I turned to the prisoner. "Now, then, you drunken little hog, stand up and walk," said I, taking him by the ear and keeping my left ready.

I suppose that the drink suddenly left him weak, for he stood up at once.

"There's some ho—horrible mistake," he began to whimper; "but if the worst comes to the worst, you'll adopt me, won't you?"

Still holding him by the ear, I led him forth and flung him into the cab, in a corner of which the trembling Horrex had already huddled himself. He fell, indeed, across Horrex's knees, and at once screamed aloud.

"Softly, softly, Master 'Erbert," whispered the poor man soothingly. "It's only poor old Horrex, that you've known since a boy."

"Horrex?" Master Herbert straightened himself up. "Do I understand you to say, Sir, that your name is Horrex? Then allow me to tell you, Horrex, that you are no gentleman. You hear?" He spoke with anxious lucidity, leaning forward and tapping the butler on the knee. "No gentleman."

"No, Sir," assented Horrex.

"That being the case, we'll say no more about it. I decline to argue with you. If you're waking, call me early—there's many a black, black eye, Horrex, but none so black as mine. Call me at eleven-fifteen, bringing with you this gentleman's blood in a bottle. Good-night, go to by-bye. . . ."

By the fleeting light of a street-lamp I saw his head drop forward, and a minute later he was gently snoring.

It was agreed that on reaching home Master Herbert must be smuggled into the basement of No. 402 and put to rest on Horrex's own bed; also that, to avoid the line of carriages waiting in the Cromwell Road for the departing guests, the cab should take us round to the gardens at the back. I carried on my chain a key which would admit us to these and unlock the small gate between them and the kitchens. This plan of action so delighted Horrex that for a moment I feared he was going to clasp my hands.

"If it wasn't irreverent, Sir, I could almost say you had dropped on me from heaven!"

"You may alter your opinion," said I grimly, "before I've done dropping on you."

At the garden entrance we paid and dismissed the cab. I took Master Herbert's shoulders and Horrex his heels, and between us we carried his limp body across the turf, a procession so suggestive of dark and secret tragedy that I blessed our luck for protecting us from the casual intrusive policeman. Our entrance by the kitchen passage, however, was not so fortunate. Stealthily as we trod, our footsteps reached the ears in the servants' hall, and we were met by William and a small but compact body of female servants urging him to armed resistance. A kitchen-maid fainted away as soon as we were recognised, and the strain of terror relaxed.

I saw at once that Master Herbert's condition caused them no surprise. We carried him to the servants' hall and laid him in an arm-chair, to rest our arms, while the motherly cook lifted his unconscious head to lay a pillow beneath it.

As she did so, a bell jangled furiously on the wall above.

"Good Lord!" Horrex turned a scared face up at it. "The library!"

"What's the matter in the library?"

But he was gone: to reappear, a minute later, with a face whiter than ever.

"The mistress wants you at on'st, Sir, if you'll follow me. William, run out and see if you can raise another cab—four-wheeler."

"What, at this time of night?" answered William.

"Get along with you!"

"Do your best, lad," Mr. Horrex appealed gently but with pathetic dignity. "If there's miracles indoors there may be miracles outside. This way, Sir!"

He led me to the library-door, knocked softly, opened it, and stood aside for me to enter.

Within stood his mistress, confronting another policeman!

Her hands rested on the back of a library-chair: and though she stood up bravely and held herself erect with her finger-tips pressed hard into the leather, I saw that she was swaying on the verge of hysterics, and I had the sense to speak sharply.

"What's the meaning of this?" I demanded.

"This one—says—he comes from Marlborough Street," she gasped.

I stepped back to the door, opened it, and, as I expected, discovered Horrex listening.

"A bottle of champagne and a glass at once," I commanded, and he sped. "And now, Miss Joy, if you please, the constable and I will do the talking. What's your business?"

"Prisoner wants bail," answered the policeman.

"Name?"

"George Anthony Richardson."

"Yes, yes—but I mean the prisoner's name."

"That's what I'm telling you. 'George Anthony Richardson, four-nought-two, Cromwell Road'—that's the name on the sheet, and I heard him give it myself."

"And I thought, of course, it must be you," put in Clara; "and I wondered what dreadful thing could have happened—until Horrex appeared and told me you were safe, and Herbert too—"

"I think," said I, going to the door again and taking the tray from Horrex, "that you were not to talk. Drink this, please."

She took the glass, but with a rebellious face. "Oh, if you take that tone with me—"

"I do. And now," I turned to the constable, "what name did he give for his surety?"



"Herbert Jarmayne, same address."

"Herbert Jarmayne?" I glanced at Clara, who nodded back, pausing as she lifted her glass. "Ah! yes—yes, of course. How much?"

"Two tenners."

"Deep answering deep. Drunk and disorderly, I suppose?"

"Blind. He was breaking glasses at Toscano's and swearing he was Sir Charles Wyndham in 'David Garrick': but he settled down quiet at the station, and when I left he was talking religious and saying he pitied nine-tenths of the world, for they were going to get it hot."

"Trewlove!" I almost shouted, wheeling round upon Clara.

"I beg your pardon?"

"No, of course—you wouldn't understand. But all the same it's Trewlove!" I cried, radiant. "Eh?"—this to Horrex, mumbling in the doorway; "the cab outside? Step along, constable: I'll follow in a moment—to identify your prisoner, not to bail him out." Then as he touched his hat and marched out after Horrex, "By George, though! Trewlove!" I muttered, meeting Clara's eye and laughing.

"So you've said," she agreed doubtfully; "but it seems a funny sort of explanation."

"It's as simple as A B C" I assured her. "The

"I paid the agent. I knew nothing of you until Herbert announced that he'd made your acquaintance—"

"Pray go on," said I, watching her troubled eyes. "It would be interesting to hear how he described me."

"He used a very funny word. He said you were the rummiest thing in platers he'd struck for a long while. But, of course, he was talking of the other man."

"Of course," said I gravely: whereupon our eyes met and we both laughed.

"Ah, but you are kind!" she cried. "And when I think how we have treated you—if only I *could* think—"

Her hand went up again to her forehead.

"It will need some reparation," said I. "But we'll discuss that when I come back."

"Was—was Herbert very bad?" She attempted to laugh, but tears suddenly brimmed her eyes.

"I scarcely noticed," said I; and, picking up my hat, went out hurriedly.

V.

Trewlove in his Marlborough Street cell was a disgusting object—offensive to the eye and to one's sense of the dignity of man. At sight of me he sprawled, and when the shock of it was over he continued to grovel until the sight bred a shame in me for being the cause of it. What

going back to be put up at No. 402 like any other gentleman—why, 'ow could I resist it?"

"If I forbear to have you arrested, Trewlove, it will be on condition that you efface yourself. May I suggest some foreign country, where, in a colony of the Peculiar People—unacquainted with your past—"

"I'm tired of them, Sir. Your style of life don't suit me—I've tried it, as you see, and I give it up—I'm too late to learn; but I'll say this for it—it cures you of wantin' to go back and be a Peculiar. Now, if you've no objection, Sir, I thought of takin' a little public down Putney way."

"You mean it?" asked Clara, a couple of hours later.

"I mean it," said I.

"And I am to live on here alone—as your tenant?"

"As my tenant, and so long as it pleases you. As for 'alone,' that must be your business. If you want a chaperon in place of your brother—" I struck a match to light her bed-room candle, and with that we both laughed, for the June dawn was pouring down on us through the stairway skylight.

"Shall I see you to-morrow, to say good-bye?"

"I expect not. We shall catch the first boat."

"The question is, will you get Herbert awake in time to explain matters?"



At sight of me he sprawled.

man at Marlborough Street is the man who let you this house."

"I took it through an agent."

"I'm delighted to hear it. Then the man at Marlborough Street is the man for whom the agent let the house."

"Then you are not Mr. Richardson—not 'George Anthony'—and you didn't write 'Larks in Aspic'?" said she, with a flattering shade of disappointment in her tone.

"Oh! yes, I did."

"Then I don't understand in the least—unless—unless—" She put out two deprecating hands. "You don't mean to tell me that this is your house, and we've been living in it without your knowledge! Oh! why didn't you tell me?"

"Come, I like that!" said I. "You'll admit, on reflection, that you haven't given me much time."

But she stamped her foot. "I'll go upstairs and pack at once," she declared.

"That will hardly meet the case, I'm afraid. You forget that your brother is downstairs: and by his look, when I left him, he'll take a deal of packing."

"Herbert?" She put a hand to her brow. "I was forgetting. Then you are not Herbert's friend after all?"

"I have made a beginning. But in fact, I made his acquaintance at Vine Street just now. Trewlove—that's my scoundrel of a butler—has been making up to him under my name. They met at the house-agent's, probably. The rogue models himself upon me: but when it comes to letting my house— By the way, have you paid him by cheque?"

made it ten times worse was his curious insensibility—even while he grovelled—to the moral aspect of his behaviour."

"You will lie here," said I, "until to-morrow morning, when you will probably be fined fifty shillings and costs, *plus* the cost of the broken glass at Toscano's. I take it for granted that the money will be paid?"

"I will send, Sir, to my lodgings for my cheque-book."

"It's a trifling matter, no doubt, but since you will be charged under the name of William John Trewlove, it will be a mistake to put 'G. A. Richardson' on the cheque."

"It was an error of judgment, Sir, my giving your name here."

"It was a worse one," I assured him, "to append it to the receipt for Miss Jarmayne's rent."

"You don't intend to prosecute, Mr. George?"

"Why not?"

"But you don't, Sir: somethink tells me that you don't."

Well, in fact (as you may have guessed), I did not. I had no desire to drag Miss Jarmayne into further trouble: but I resented that the dog should so count on my clemency without knowing the reason of it.

"In justice to myself, Sir, I 'ave to tell you that I shouldn't 'ave let the 'ouse to a *hanybody*. It was only that, she being connected with the stage, I saw a hopening. Mr. 'Erbert was, as you might say, a hafterthought: which, finding him so affable, I thought I might go one better. He cost me a pretty penny first and last. But when he offered to introjuice me—and me, at his invite,

"I'll undertake that. Horrex has already packed for him. Oh, you needn't fear: he'll be right enough at Ambletuse, under my eye."

"It's good of you," she said slowly; "but why are you doing it?"

"Can't say," I answered lightly, avoiding her eyes now.

"Well, good-bye and God bless you!" She put out her hand. "There's nothing I can say or do to—"

"Oh, yes, by the way, there is," I interrupted, tugging a key off my chain. "You see this? It unlocks the drawers of a writing-table in your room. In the top left-hand drawer you will find a bundle of papers."

She passed up the stair before me and into the room. "Is this what you want?" she asked, reappearing after a minute with my manuscript in her hand. "What is it? A new comedy?"

"The makings of one," said I. "It was to fetch it that I came across from Ambletuse."

"And dropped into another."

"Upon my word," said I, "you are right, and to-night's is a better one—up to a point."

We shook hands and I mounted to my room. My own last words repeated themselves in my ears, "Up to a point"; but, of course, the plot still wanted a something—what critics call the "love-interest," for example.

"But does it?" I asked myself suddenly, in the act of winding up my watch.

You will observe that once or twice in the course of this narrative my pen has slipped inadvertently and written "Clara."

THE END.



# THE CLOSE OF THE DURBAR CELEBRATIONS: LAST SALUTES AT DELHI.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT DELHI.



## THE SECLUSION OF WOMEN IN INDIA: THE BEGUM OF BHOPAL TAKING LEAVE OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT FROM HER PALANQUIN.

On January 10, the day of the Duke's departure, the Begum of Bhopal, the only woman who rules in her own right in India, was conveyed to the railway station in a gorgeous palanquin draped with red, purple, blue, and gold. Behind the curtains sat the august lady, who, in deference to Indian etiquette, did not appear, but shook hands with the Duke through the curtains. Mr. Melton Prior writes that he heard his Royal Highness conveying many kind messages to her. By the side of the palanquin stood a big Burmese Chief and his dainty wife. The palanquin stood slightly to one side of the group of native Chiefs shown in another drawing.



# THE CLOSE OF THE DURBAR CELEBRATIONS: LAST SALUTES AT DELHI.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT DELHI.



THE DEPARTURE OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT FROM DELHI, JANUARY 10: THE VICEROY SALUTING HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS AT THE STATION.

The Duke and the Duchess were escorted to the station by a large detachment of the 4th Dragoon Guards. Following the carriages came the Viceroy's bodyguard. In the first carriage were Lord Curzon and the Duchess of Connaught, who, having alighted, awaited the Duke and Lady Curzon. As his Royal Highness descended, the Viceroy and those around saluted. The party then proceeded to the platform.



# THE CLOSE OF THE "DURBAR" CELEBRATIONS: LAST SALUTES AT DELHI.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT DELHI.

Lady Curzon. Duchess of Connaught. Lord Curzon. Duke of Connaught



THE ENGLISH PRINCE AND THE CHIEFS OF THE EAST: THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT BIDDING GOOD-BYE TO THE MAHARAJAHS AND INDIAN CHIEFS AT DELHI RAILWAY STATION, JANUARY 10.

*A large company of Indian Princes and Chieftains had gathered to bid their Royal Highnesses farewell, and before the departure of the train, the Duke went round and shook hands with all the representatives of the Native States. Lord Kitchener was also in attendance. The Duke and Duchess left at 11.15, and a quarter of an hour later the Viceroy took his departure for a short official tour in the Calcutta district.*



# THE NAVAL DISASTER NEAR CORFU, JANUARY 30: THE COLLISION OF THE "PIONEER" WITH THE "ORWELL."

DRAWINGS NOS. 1, 2, 3, AND 5 BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT; NOS. 4, 6, AND 7 BY PERCY ANDERSON.



THE "ORWELL," THE "PIONEER," AND VIEWS NEAR THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER.

1. THE WEST COAST OF CORFU.  
2. H.M.S. "PIONEER," WHICH RAN DOWN THE "ORWELL."—[Photo. Cobb.]

3. THE TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "ORWELL," SUNK OFF CORFU. NOTE THE MAST FOR WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY, FITTED ONLY TO THIS DESTROYER.—[Photo. Cobb.]  
4. THE CITADEL OF PAXOS, WITH THE MOUNTAINS OF EPIRUS IN THE DISTANCE.

5. A COAST TOWN OF CORFU.  
6. TYPICAL PEASANTS OF PAXOS.  
7. THE SUPPOSED SCENE OF THE DISASTER: THE SMALL ISLAND OF PAXOS, WITH ANTI-PAXOS IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE, AND THE MOUNTAINS OF EPIRUS IN THE BACKGROUND.





OUR FIRST FOOTING IN HONG-KONG: THE ISLAND PROCLAIMED BRITISH TERRITORY, JANUARY 20, 1841.



OUR FIRST FOOTING IN CANADA: CHAMPLAIN SURRENDERING QUEBEC TO ADMIRAL KIRKE, JULY 20, 1629.

THE BRITISH DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS.—Nos. VII. AND VIII.: OUR ACQUISITION OF HONG-KONG AND QUEBEC.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

*Lord Leonard the Luckless.* By W. E. Norris. (London: Methuen. 1s.)  
*Fugitive Anne.* By Mrs. Campbell Praed. (London: John Long. 6s.)  
*La Guerre.* Racontée par l'Image d'après les Sculpteurs, les Graveurs, et les Peintres. (Paris: Hachette. 40 francs.)  
*The Knight of the Maypole: A Comedy in Four Acts.* By John Davidson. (London: Grant Richards. 5s.)  
*Pictures in the Wallace Collection.* By Frederic Miller. (London: C. Arthur Pearson. 10s. 6d.)  
*The Nonjurors.* By Canon Overton. (London: Smith, Elder. 16s.)  
*Old English Masters.* Engraved by Timothy Cole, with Historical Notes by John C. Van Dyke. (London: Macmillan. 2 guineas.)

Quite recently Mr. W. E. Norris gave us a story that turned upon the supposed lightness of a wife's character, and very pretty play he made, after his own manner, with the ensuing complications. In "Lord Leonard the Luckless" he has gone one worse, so to speak, and flounders amid squalid intrigue as hopelessly as only a habitually decorous writer can. The story of a man pursued by disappointment from boyhood to the grave affords an undeniably tempting *motif*, but Mr. Norris is scarcely the man for such a sombre study, and probably a false start has led him into unwonted extravagances. The hero, coming early and unexpectedly into property and a title, has to relinquish the Navy, the one thing in life he cares about. His mother trains him scrupulously for the part of *grand seigneur*, but his unhappy manner incurs misunderstanding at every turn. He will marry to please himself, and seems within sight of happiness with Juliet Vyse when his bosom friend, Archie Morant, steals his bride. The treachery was contrived by a little scheming cat of a governess who had secretly loved Morant, and this worthless creature Lord Leonard—*mirabile dictu!*—marries. The two couples meet in Paris with disastrous results, which compel Leonard to call Morant to the field of honour. The first part closes miserably on Lord Leonard disappointed of an heir, and nowise comforted with the babe they call his daughter. The second part takes up the tale in the next generation. Lady Leonard has vanished by way of the Law Courts, and her daughter is not to inherit the estates. Lord Leonard's idiotic conduct over Miss Leonard's love-match with a son of the late Archie Morant verges on the incredible, and for this unpleasant part of the story Mr. Norris has no excuse. We wish him repentance, and a swift return to the society of the breezy people we like and expect to meet in this author's pages.

The adventures of "Fugitive Anne" are many and varied, and in character so extraordinary that the lady's first appearance—or, rather, disappearance—apparently through the port-hole of her cabin, seems mild and ordinary in the light of after events: and yet she was thought to have dived into a sea abounding with sharks in order to attain a shore peopled by cannibals with the sole object of escaping an undesirable husband. Mrs. Campbell Praed is to be congratulated on having produced a story of adventure calculated to arouse and hold the imagination. Anne, it turns out, is an English Baroness in her own right, although at the outset she only suspects this to be the case. She enjoys, however, the much rarer distinction of being hailed as a goddess, and, to support the proud position, turns to account her gift of song. "Music hath charms" to soothe even the savages of the Australian bush, and with "God Save the Queen," "Ave Maria," and other trifles, Fugitive Anne cast her spell. Altogether, as Kombo, the black "boy," would have said, there is *būjeri* excitement, *būjeri* adventure, and not a dull page in Mrs. Praed's story. She knows the bush, and she knows human nature: both Anne and her lover—for, of course, she has a lover—are well drawn and attractive.

Messrs. Hachette have been well advised to commission some writer, who apparently prefers to remain anonymous, to write what may be called a pictorial history of warfare; indeed, it is strange that no great art publisher has thought of this before as a subject likely to interest the public. To all those who concern themselves, either directly or indirectly, with the art of war, this book on war in art cannot but possess a strange fascination. From time immemorial—indeed, as the author of the letterpress picturesquely puts it, before the days when history had begun to be written—both painters and designers saw the artistic possibilities of warfare. Many of the earliest Egyptian bas-reliefs deal with various forms of conflict, sometimes between men and men, oftener between men and beasts. Perhaps the oldest war-paintings in the world are those which are still to be seen outlined on the walls of certain Nubian temples, and it is curious to compare these rude powerful designs with comparatively modern paintings of what purport to be reconstructions of the like scenes and period. During the Middle Ages, with a few famous exceptions the great masters preferred to devote themselves to peaceful and Biblical scenes rather than to those depicting contemporary battles. Only in old missals and manuscripts do we come across miniature pictures from which we can gather any idea of what mediæval men of war were really like. Some of these small missal illustrations, especially those dealing with the Crusades, are very curious, and must

prove of considerable assistance both to the historical student and to the writer on military affairs. When engraving was invented, artists at once turned their attention to the depicting of battle scenes, probably because engravers discovered that for these there was always a ready market; and the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are rich in military pictures. These are still, however, completely conventional in character, and lead one to suppose that those who painted them relied entirely on their imaginations. The wars of the Revolution, and, stranger still, the Napoleonic era, did not produce any outstanding battle-painter; and of the many artists to whom the great Corsican gave commissions, not one seems to have attempted to depict either the glorious or the seamy side of war as it was in those days. In connection with Napoleon as depicted in art, two names naturally leap to the mind—namely, Charlet and Raffet. There are many fine examples of their work in this book—notably Raffet's presentation of Napoleon riding on a camel during the Egyptian campaign. But, alas that it should be so, remarkable as is the work of these two great French artists, neither was really a contemporary of Napoleon: the one was born quite at the end of the eighteenth century, and the other was only nine years old when the Battle of Waterloo took place. Accordingly, their remarkable series of paintings and engravings dealing with Napoleon and the Grande Armée are in no sense documents; and if we wish to know what Napoleon and his soldiers looked like when actually in the field, we have to rely on caricatures and sketches by amateurs. How amazingly different was the effect on French art produced by the Franco-German War of 1870! Of paintings dealing in the most realistic and powerful fashion with the various heroic and terrible episodes of that awful year, many examples are reproduced in "La Guerre, Racontée par l'Image," but, probably owing to difficulties connected with copyright, scarcely any examples are given of the series of war pictures painted by De Neuville and Detaille, who both were actually present at some of the battles and skirmishes of which

The twenty colotype reproductions of "Pictures in the Wallace Collection" form the principal attraction of Mr. Miller's book. There is that Gainsborough portrait of Mrs. Robinson as Perdita for the sake of which many contemporary judges are willing to forswear their allegiance to Sir Joshua as the greatest of English portrait-painters. The fascination of the drooping eyelids, which in life made their flagrant conquests, have prevailed even upon canvas. Certainly Sir Joshua's portrait of the same lady in the same gallery is no match for this Gainsborough; but close at hand hangs his "Portrait of Nelly O'Brien," a trumpet-call to waverers. It is here reproduced, but with a sacrifice of that marvellous reflection of light in the under-chin from the brilliant flesh tints below. The other Sir Joshua is a portrait of the Countess of Lincoln, which we should willingly have sacrificed in favour of the "Mrs. Braddill," akin to it in manner, and one of the most refined examples of the master in this mood. From Romney we get yet another portrait of Mrs. Robinson as Perdita—not very interesting in itself, though interesting enough to compare with the presentations of her made by Gainsborough and Reynolds. The curious about likenesses in portraits will here observe that there is no recognisable resemblance between any two of these three Perditas. Romney—"the man in Cavendish Square," Sir Joshua called him—can hardly be said to be fitly represented where there is no Emma Hamilton, "the model," in Mr. Miller's phrases, "who most forcibly inspired him, and was the object of his deep regard—a friendship opening up between them which endured until she went to Naples (*sic*) as the wife of Sir W. Hamilton." Three reproductions of Greuze are at least two too many where there is space for only two of Reynolds and one of Romney; that of Lawrence's "Lady Blessington" is very successfully made.

The English Church owes much to Canon Overton for his careful inquiry into the conditions of the Church's life and faith, more especially in the much-maligned eighteenth century. Now he takes up the cause of the Nonjurors, a body of men whose character and aims have been the sport of controversy. He shows us that the interest in them is warranted both by their personal character and by their ecclesiastical position. He recalls to our memories alike the better-known ecclesiastics, with whom even the schoolboy has some familiarity, and the lesser-known men who suffered for their opinions in their times. He draws attention to the relations, such as they were, between the Nonjurors and both the Eastern Church and the "Holy Governing Synod of Russia." He gives us a list of Nonjurors in which the lay as well as the clerical protestors figure. In fine, he deals with his subject with all the completeness and all the intimate knowledge of the period which we should expect from Canon Overton. Any general reader who wishes to know who the Nonjurors were, how they came by their name, why they earned it, what their positions were, how far they supported their views by scholarship and learning, how they comported themselves under trial, and how finally they were reabsorbed, will do well to call for this book. He will find the task of following their fortunes an agreeable one, and he will have the satisfaction of knowing

that he is in the hands of an author who has made the fullest use of the additions to our knowledge which the increasing freedom of access to the documents of national and family history is always supplying. An old engraving of the Seven Bishops provides an interesting frontispiece.

Mr. Timothy Cole's "Old English Masters" will increase in England his fame as a wood-engraver—long and well established in the United States—at a moment when wood-engraving has lighted upon luckless days. He has reproduced three or four score Italian masterpieces; he has illustrated the Dutchmen and Flemings at Antwerp and Amsterdam; and, coming to England, he has been engaged during the last eight years on the series of blocks after the portraits or landscapes of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Turner, Constable, and the rest. These, to the number of nearly fifty, are now given, together with notes by the engraver, very valuable supplements to the letterpress of Mr. Van Dyke, which is also excellent both in the matter and the manner of it. The pictures are the main purpose of the book; but the lover of art is generally a lover also of letters, and in this case due recognition of that duality of taste—often disregarded in picture-books—has been recognised by the publishers. The illustrations do wonderful justice to the artists—particularly to Gainsborough. Many a fair and wise head has been sacrificed to the block of late years—to the process-block of cheap and rapid picture-reproduction. But here, in such portraits as Gainsborough's "Mrs. Graham" and his "Sisters" (Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Tickell) and in Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Duchess of Devonshire and Child," life has been restored to the features, animation to the figure. Nothing, we suppose, could make Sir Thomas Lawrence's "Duke of Wellington" live, not even the interpreting instruments of Mr. Cole. The portrait is as wooden as the block. A certain hardness in the effect of the landscapes gives them a secondary place beside the portraits; and with the subject-pictures of Leslie and Landseer, a volume so serious as this might surely have dispensed.



PICHEGRU'S HUSSARS CAPTURING THE DUTCH FLEET, ICEBOUND IN THE PORT OF THE HELDER, 1795.

Reproduced from "La Guerre," by permission of Messrs. Hachette.

they have made such wonderful records. The compilers of "La Guerre, Racontée par l'Image," have followed a curious plan of arranging their illustrations: they make no attempt to classify these with reference to the work of contemporary artists of any one period or of any one military conflict. Thus, on the same page with a curious lithograph by Raffet will be a reproduction of a painting which, however much it may belong as regards scene and subject to the period depicted, was painted only quite recently. Also it is to be regretted that no account of any of the artists whose work is reproduced is given in the text.

If Mr. Davidson had not declared that his new play is a comedy, we should suspect it of being a parody on some production unknown. It is almost inconceivable that a poet with a reputation to sustain should publish in all seriousness a play so completely wanting in freshness, in vigour, in dramatic power, in imagination, in lightness, as "The Knight of the Maypole." The scene is laid at Richmond in the beginning of the reign of Charles II. The hero, a Royalist, after adventures by sea, reappears to find that his trusted cousin has usurped his estate and is making love to his sweetheart. The villain denounces the hero as an impostor, and things would go hard with him if the King had not appeared and, in a moment of caprice, chosen him to supervise the May Day revels. But the King has designs upon the heroine, and this fact gives the hero the opportunity of pouring out reams of the poorest, most commonplace and pedestrian blank verse that ever dulled a dramatist's page. The heroine resents the hero's advice (not liking bad blank verse), and would have met her ruin had it not been necessary to assemble all the characters on the stage for the fall of the curtain and (this being a comedy) reconcile everybody with everybody else. Two inexpressibly dreary constables, dim shadows of Dogberry and Verges, are quite in harmony with the rest of the comedy. Really, we have to see so many bad plays acted that we might expect a poet like Mr. Davidson to give us something rather better for the study.



# RACERS AND ROADSTERS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



THE FIRST EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF MOTOR-MANUFACTURERS: TYPES OF THE MOST RECENT MOTOR-CARS.

There are on view at the Crystal Palace no less than four miles of motor-cars, to which 87,000 square feet of floor-space has been devoted. The exhibitors are chiefly British, but Continental makers are also represented.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

It has often been made the subject of remark that a high degree of ignorance exists respecting the habits of many of our common animals. The same opinion might be expressed regarding our general want of knowledge concerning the structure and life-history of the wayside flowers. Lord Avebury, if I mistake not, in one of his suggestive essays, has set forth this fact, and, like other naturalists, has emphasised the wealth of interest that might accrue to us from a little attention paid to the ways and works of common things in the shape of living organisms. There is yet another aspect of this matter deserving of notice. Keen observation on the part of the layman has before now afforded to science much valuable information. A lady's letters written on the great earthquake of Chile in 1835, of which catastrophe she was an observer, gave to geology some new views regarding these cataclysms and their effects. The migrations of birds have been recorded by unscientific observers much to the advantage of the zoologist, and it would be easy to multiply examples of such service rendered to science by the simple study and observation of life.

I find a text whereon I may state a like argument in the shape of an interesting pamphlet on the mole written by Mr. Lionel E. Adams, B.A. There is no animal more familiar to us than the underground tunneller, and I am safe in saying there is scarcely any quadruped whose ways are more densely shrouded in darkness. I am open to admit that the study of mole ways is envied by certain very obvious difficulties. All the same, the animal is a common one, and it is curious to reflect that we may, and do, know much more concerning many an organism living in the abysses of the sea than we know regarding our familiar underground dweller. It is true that in natural history textbooks, even of fairly respectable age, we meet with full descriptions of moles and mole-hills. Mr. Adams tells us that one Le Court, a Frenchman, described mole ways in 1798 or thereabouts, and out of his observations Cadet de Vaux fabricated a book on the mole at large. Geoffrey St. Hilaire, a well-known zoologist of his day, used de Vaux's work in his "Natural History of Mammals," published in Paris in 1829; but Mr. Adams remarks that St. Hilaire appears to have had an especial fondness for copying the imaginative parts of de Vaux's treatise. His anatomy was correct, or, at least, feasible, for it is easy to dissect a mole; but his remarks on mole-houses and habits are romantic rather than accurate, and reflect somewhat on the scientific use of the imagination.

There were others—Buffon included—who romanced regarding the mole; and, as a Scot, it interests me to learn from Mr. Adams that the Rev. Dr. Grierson, parish minister of Cockpen, near Edinburgh—a parish famous in the song of the Laird of that ilk—wrote a treatise in 1822 on the natural history of the animal. Alas for the accuracy of the worthy minister's studies! We are told that his facts were gathered from a mole-catcher, of whom it is related as an achievement that he had invented a garden-rake. The connection between rakes and moles is not easy to formulate; but doubtless the worthy Dr. Grierson thought the exercise of the inventive faculty to be testimony in favour of the mole-catcher's ability in other directions. The Wernerian Society, by the way, to which Dr. Grierson communicated his paper, was an Edinburgh one, which figured the sea-serpent as an elongated beast with six legs! It looked like an animal which had escaped from a child's Noah's Ark.

Armed with his spade, Mr. Adams unearthed moles during a long period. He has overturned a good many of the prevailing conceptions regarding the animal and its house. That dwelling may be simple or complicated, but it does not correspond with the time-honoured figures of natural history manuals. One point, for example, insisted upon of old was that the fortress of the mole was arranged on the plan of affording labyrinthine pathways of escape from enemies above and below. This, Mr. Adams shows, is not the case. The mole constructs its pathways incidentally—that is, according to circumstances—and one way only, the "bolt-run," is used as an exit for escape. This run leads downwards from the floor of the nest. It then turns upwards and leads out by a tunnel of its own. In nests which are constructed on marshy land, the bolt-run is wanting, because, as Mr. Adams puts it, it would lead to water.

There is much of accurate description of the moles' houses in Mr. Adams' pamphlet which will repay careful perusal by the naturalist. That which is most interesting, perhaps, to the average mortal is the question of the mole's seeing powers. "As blind as a bat" is, of course, a libel on that quadruped; "as blind as a mole" is an expression much nearer the mark. Mr. Adams says it is practically blind. It has a keen sense of smell, and no doubt if a worm is dangled in front of it, it scents it rather than sees it. It has eyes, of course, but they are functionally very weak, and probably do not enable it to see beyond its nose. Our mole, however, is an expert swimmer, and imitates the dog in its movements in the water. It seems it has a predilection for partridges' eggs, and so in the gamekeeper it finds an additional enemy. It exhibits great tenacity of life, Mr. Adams telling us it requires as much killing as an average rat. All through the winter it is active, for it does not indulge in a winter nap. In June, July, and August, when worms are plentiful below ground, the mole is least in evidence. Finally, Mr. Adams has found boiled mole very tender, and resembling rabbit. *Taupe à la Française* may figure some day in our menus, but Mr. Adams relates that he could make no converts to his views that the mole may form "a new beast to eat." His work is an example which many a country dweller may follow, thereby enlarging our knowledge of the life which surrounds us.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

DR. FEAST (Birmingham).—Thanks for your paper, the Chess Column of which seems conducted with much enterprise, and is of great interest.

FIDELITAS.—Your problem shall appear in the course of a few weeks. Blank diagrams can be obtained from the British Chess Company, Stroud, Gloucestershire.

C W (Sunbury).—Problem received. The construction is certainly curious, and we trust to find the position correct.

A E LECHE.—Rather neat; it shall appear.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3058 and 3059 received from Richard Burke (Teddington), Ceylon; of No. 3061 from F. B. Worthington, Fiddis, C. W. Porter (Crawley), G. C. B. Dr. Goldsmith, A. Belcher (Wycombe), A. G. Parnesova, and J. F. Moon; of No. 3064 from Edith Corser (Reigate), H. Le Jeune, Edith, W. D. Easton (Sunderland), F. B. Worthington, Clement C. Danby, J. F. G. Pietersen (Kingswinford), and C. W. Porter (Crawley).

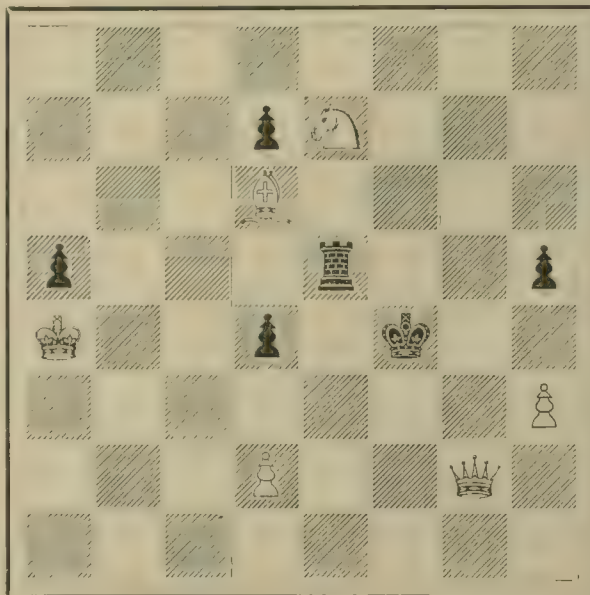
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3065 received from Sorrento: Thomas Henderson (Leeds), I. Desanges, F. J. S. (Hampstead), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Hereward, Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), Martin F. Edith Corser (Reigate), R. H. Farwell (Bradford), J. F. G. Pietersen (Kingswinford), T. Roberts, G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), J. W. (Campsie), G. H. Dutton (Cardiff), Lieutenant-Colonel P. J. Damania, Reginald Gordon, A. Elliott, H. S. Brandreth (San Remo), W. D. Easton (Sunderland), W. A. Lillico (Edinburgh), J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), R. Worters (Canterbury), James Andrews (Brighton), Albert Wolf (Putney), and Shadforth.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3064.—By P. DALY.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Q to R 8th Q to Q 2nd  
2. Kt to Kt 6th (ch) Any move  
3. Q or R mates.

PROBLEM No. 3067.—By W. HEALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN SWEDEN.

Game played in Stockholm between Messrs. L. O. SVENONIUS and L. KRAUSE and Messrs. L. COLLIN and S. O. SVENSSON.  
(Vienna Game.)

WHITE (Messrs. S. & K.)	BLACK (Messrs. C. & S.)	WHITE (Messrs. S. & K.)	BLACK (Messrs. C. & S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	15. Kt (Kt3) to B5	R to K Kt sq
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	16. Q takes B P	R to Kt 4th
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	17. Kt to K 7th	B takes Kt
4. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd	18. Q takes B	B to R 6th
5. Q B to K Kt 5th		19. K to R sq	P to Q 5th
It should be mentioned that, instead of an ordinary consultation game, the players moved alternately all round without any remarks or suggestions. The method is not novel, but it explains why some moves are below a first-rate standard.		20. P to K B 3rd	P takes Kt
		21. P takes B	R to K sq
		22. Q to Kt 4th	P to Q Kt 4th
		23. Q to K 4th	
6. Kt to Q 5th	Castles	Black is playing a good game all through the middle of this contest. Here White could not well play Q takes R P because of the reply P to K 5th, followed by P takes P, etc.	
7. Kt to K 2nd	P to B 3rd	23. Q takes Q	P to R 5th
If B takes P (ch), 8. K takes B. Kt to Kt 6th (ch); 9. K to B sq. Q takes B; 10. Kt takes B P, etc., with no advantage to White.		24. B to B 4th	Kt takes B
8. Kt to K 3rd	Q to K 3rd	25. P takes Kt	P to K B 4th
9. B to Kt 3rd	P to Q 4th	26. K R to K sq	P to B 5th
10. P takes P	P takes P	27. Q R to Q sq	P to K 5th
11. Castles	Q to B 3rd	28. P takes P	R takes P
12. Kt to Kt 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd	Black's combined Pawns in the centre will carry everything before them. The game, as explained above, is affected by its conditions.	
13. B takes Kt	P takes B		
14. Q to R 5th	K to R sq		

## CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played between Messrs. S. ENOS (New York) and E. B. LYNCH (Pennsylvania).  
(English Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. E.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. E.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to Q B 4th		11. Q to K 2nd	Kt to K 4th
The English Opening comes in only for quite occasional use. Some years ago Mr. Zukertort and others adopted it in important games.		12. B to K 3rd	P to R 3rd
		13. R to Q sq	B to Q 2nd
		14. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
		15. Castles	Q to B sq
		16. Kt to R 4th	
Or Black may as well play P to K 3rd, and proceed with P to Q 4th, as in the French.		This capital move comes opportunely, as will be seen, for Black nearly gets a good King's side attack.	
2. P to K 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	16. Kt to Kt 6th	Q to B 2nd
3. P to Q R 3rd	P to K 5th	17. P to B 5th	R to Q 3rd
It is rarely good to advance the centre Pawns beyond the fourth square at this stage of the opening.		18. P to Q Kt 4th	Kt to Q 2nd
4. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to B 3rd	If not of much use, Black's line of play makes the game lively for a long series of moves.	
5. P to Q 3rd	Q to K 2nd	20. B to Q B 4th	Kt takes Kt
6. Q to B 2nd		21. R takes R (ch)	Q takes R
Forcing Black's hand. Black cannot defend with P to Q 4th because of 7. P takes P, P takes P; 8. Kt takes Q P; Kt takes Kt; 9. Q takes B (ch); Q to Q 5th; 10. Q takes Kt P, etc.		22. B takes B	Kt to R 5th
		23. R to Q sq	Q to Kt sq
		24. Q to R 2nd	P takes B
7. B takes P	P to K R 3rd	25. Q takes P (ch)	B to K 2nd
8. Kt to B 3rd	Q to Q sq	26. R to Q 7th	Q to Q sq
9. P to K 4th	P to Q 3rd	27. R takes Q (ch)	K takes R
10. P to R 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd	28. Q takes K P	Resigns.

## NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from abroad, be marked on the back with the name of the sender, as well as with the title of the subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for. The Editor will be pleased to consider Column Articles on subjects of immediate interest, but he cannot assume responsibility for MSS. or Sketches submitted. MSS. of Poetry can on no account be returned.

## MERCURIAL MUSICAL CONDUCTORS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

About the middle of the 'fifties, when Benjamin Lumley was directing the affairs of Her Majesty's Theatre, there came to London an orchestral conductor the like of whom had not been seen by untravelled Englishmen, whether they took a more than intelligent interest in matters musical, or merely looked upon operas and concerts as part of their social entertainments and recreations. If they bestowed a thought at all upon the affair, they must have found it difficult to classify M. Louis Jullien, who literally as well as figuratively came to them with a braying of trumpets from the banks of the Seine. He was the son of a regimental bandsman, and he himself had played the flute in a military band, taking lessons meanwhile of Halévy and Lecarpentier at the Conservatoire.

Musically, the Metropolis in those days was a wilderness. Virtually there was but one band, which happily survives up to the present—the Philharmonic Society's, whose violins can vie with the best orchestral players in Europe. The rest was a desert, dotted in its western parts with the tents of musical squatters with foreign names—so-called professors of the piano and teachers of singing, arrant charlatans almost to a man, but effectually keeping away young foreigners of unquestionable talent. Signor Vianessi's first engagement with Mapleson was for the magnificent sum of eight pounds per month. The same impresario was compelled to rely for his stage military band upon a company of itinerant Italians he found one day performing in Leicester Square. The local, suburban, and provincial choral societies which have since then made the adequate rendering of magnificent oratorios possible had no existence. The appreciation of good music among the middle-classes, with few exceptions, did not exist. The foreigner domiciled in London and in the big provincial cities was still too glad to get any kind of opera—he knew it bootied little to look a gift-horse in the mouth; the middle-class Englishman went to Covent Garden, Drury Lane, and Her Majesty's, to partake of the fashionable pastime of his social superiors; in reality, the entertainment bored him.

The whole business connected with Music—with a big M—was, however, conducted with much decorum, not to say buckram. On ordinary occasions the two opera-houses blazed with diamonds worth a King's ransom; on gala nights they contained jewels enough to pay a war indemnity; the pit, the amphitheatre, and the gallery would have made Continental "groundlings" and "gods" stare. The conductors, Costa, Benedict, Arditi, Balfe, and the rest, were of a piece with the auditorium. For good or evil there was not a smile on their countenances. The musical squatters in their handsome houses and superfine clothes, of whom I have already spoken, were even more dignified all the year round, and too grand for words at their annual matinées, when long strings of superb carriages attested the quantity and the quality of their pupils as these vehicles blocked up Hanover Square and the adjoining streets. The "ball-room bands"—that is, the orchestras exclusively organised for the fêtes of the aristocracy and gentry, and of which there were perhaps four or five, constantly travelling from one end of the country to the other—knew nothing either of the inspiring tunes or of the inspiring altitudes of their successors, the Hungarians, the Czardas, the Viennese, etc., whether red, blue, or white. Their tunes were of the best, like the ices of Gunter, and as cooling. Of the Viennese valse-composers—for there were some before Strauss; the latter's master, Lanner, for instance—the London performers knew nothing. It is more than probable that had such a fascinating air been introduced, prudent mothers would have hurried their daughters away as they did when Alexander I. of Russia began waltzing about at Almack's in 1815, and that the hostess would have reproved the leader of the band for frightening her dove-like guests. The German bands playing in the West-End squares during the dinner hour were nearly as stolid as the "ball-room band"—a few degrees above it, and no more; so, upon the whole, London had never seen a conductor imparting animation to his musicians as did the newcomer from Paris.

As a matter of course, Her Majesty's Theatre was crowded whenever Jullien performed, and at the balls the attendance was immense. Densely ignorant as was the majority with regard to the ethics of the scientific, artistic, and sympathetic conducting of an orchestra, they knew well enough that grimacing, the uplifting of arms as in patriarchal benediction, the stamping of feet, and the frequent recurrence of more or less mild manifestations of St. Vitus' dance could not form the basis of such conducting, and little by little the suspicion gained ground that Monsieur Louis Jullien was a mountebank with the most superficial knowledge of the technique and practice of a Habeneck or a Mercadante. The suspicion was transformed into a certainty by those who knew from long study and experience.

There is not the least doubt that the lesson produced excellent fruit. The sham, the imperfectly trained conductor attempting to screen his want of grip over his men by gyrations, saltatory eccentricities, facial contortions, and the like, was practically certain of detection, since Jullien let the secret out. Any of such vagaries might pass unchallenged with men like Keler-Bela, Gungl, Strauss, Fahrback, or Arban, because they themselves, in the first place, admit their culpability, but plead as extenuating circumstances their emotional temperaments. The plea is accepted because their compositions practically lend themselves to this amusing byplay. Any orchestral conductor of a higher calibre—a Richter, a Mottl, a Steinbach, a Colonne, a Chevillard, or a Henry Wood—has to curb his exuberance, except at a great risk of being misunderstood. There has only been one *laissez-faire* within the last two years, because it was fully proved that the culprit in question, who has almost made his clarinets speak like violins, would have to be tied hands and feet to make him desist from conducting his band with his body. *A bon entendeur salut!*



## Points from The Press

ON

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## LADIES' PAGES.

Kübelik has paid a return visit to St. Petersburg, and the Czar has bestowed upon him the Order of St. Anne. The great monarch was enchanted by his playing, and shook hands with him repeatedly—an extraordinary condescension from the Emperor of All the Russias. Another youthful musician, a 'cellist this time, has been greatly honoured of late by our own royal family. This is Herr Paul Grümmer, a young man of twenty-three, a native of Gera, in Germany. When he was a tiny boy he learnt the violin, and was devoted to it until one day he heard a man play the 'cello. He implored his father to let him change his instrument, but this was not permitted at first. When he was twelve he begged to be allowed to study music seriously, much to the annoyance of his father, who had set his heart on his becoming a merchant. The mother saw that her son had chosen the right vocation, and it was at her entreaties that the father finally gave way, and permitted him to attend the Leipsic Conservatoire. He arrived in this country last April, when he received the patronage of Princess Henry of Battenberg. The Princess is, like her lamented mother, an excellent musician, and delights in reading at sight and accompanying various instruments on the piano. She honoured Herr Grümmer by playing his accompaniments recently at Windsor Castle, when he gave a recital before the King and Queen. This was a great assistance to the young artist from every point of view, for the Princess is a most sympathetic accompanist. He was deeply grateful for his kindly reception by the King and Queen; he did nothing but talk about the beauty of the Queen, whom he mistook at first for one of the young Princesses. The kindly expression of the King made a deep impression on him.

Dress is becoming more subtle year by year, and innumerable fine distinctions must be applied to the indoor gown. The day is past when the tea-gown was considered to be either invalidish or somewhat improper, and it is now made in a number of styles, according to the occasion on which it is to be worn and the room in which the owner will wear it. An excellent definition of a tea-gown was given lately in a contemporary, in which it was spoken of as "a dress which a lady might wear in her own drawing-room before strangers." The dressing-gown, however smart, is for the bed-room, and the breakfast-gown has its definite place. The boudoir-gown is another addition to the list. This can be worn in the boudoir or study, but not for receiving friends in, with the exception of intimates. There are many woollen and flannel materials which are suitable for the construction of the boudoir-gown, broché patterns being generally preferred. The

Japanese kimono makes a most excellent house-gown, and looks well in fancy flannel or woollen foulard, with velvet or silk for trimming. The wide sash ought to be tied high with a bow at the back, though English dressmakers usually make up the sash-bow so that the band can be fastened by a hook and eye underneath it. It is not correct to wear a made-up collar-ette with this dress, but there is no objection to filling up the open V-shaped space at the throat by a crossed silk handkerchief, either in white or colour. This cannot be called out of keeping, because the Japanese themselves adopt this plan when they wear



Photo. Balmann.

## A ROYAL CHRISTENING-CAKE.

The christening-cake of the infant Prince George Edward Alexander Edmund of Wales measured 27 in. in diameter and stood 12 in. high. Chastely decorated with a device of Greek pattern, it was ornamented with shields and banner bearing the arms of the Prince and Princess of Wales, the initials of the infant Prince, the Prince of Wales's feathers, the arms of the City of Edinburgh, etc. On top of the cake was figured a swinging cot, surmounted by a plume of ostrich feathers. The cake was supplied by Messrs. McVitie and Price, of Edinburgh.

their national dress over here in the winter. It is not, strictly speaking, allowable to have a pocket in the skirt of the kimono; it should be placed at the end of the hanging sleeve.

The picture-gown has to a great extent taken the place of the tea-gown at large afternoon parties, when the hostess is young and pretty enough to wear it. The novelty about the latest style of this type of gown is that it is made with a transparent yoke, which is effected by means of net or chiffon drawn up from the edge of the décolletage or by a deep lace collar falling over the low-cut bodice. The latter fashion is particularly becoming, and it forms an easy way of turning an evening bodice into a demi-toilette. The sleeves must not emulate the transparency of the neck if the gown is to be worn in the afternoon; they must be made of the same material as the dress, and arranged in some picturesque style. A pretty gown of this description was worn recently by a society actress at a farewell party given before starting for a South African tour. The dress was in fawn-coloured silk, made with a low bodice, and bishop sleeves finished off with gauntlet cuffs of old lace. A deep lace collar was worn as a yoke, long enough to fall over the edge of the décolletage, and edged with a frill of kilted chiffon. The fair hair of the wearer was arranged in an artistic style, and tied up with a little knot of brown velvet ribbon, à la catogan. Being a tall, graceful girl, she looked quite like a picture by Gainsborough.

The idea of a demi-toilette gown for afternoon receptions comes to us from America, where low-necked dresses have long been worn by the hostess and the ladies who "pour" (to use their own extraordinary term). "Mrs. Dash gave a tea-party, and Miss So-and-So poured," is a statement often seen in New York papers, and it means that Miss So-and-So officiated at the tea-table. The active assistance given by the intimate friends of the hostess at American receptions is a fashion which might well be copied over here. In England, no matter how large a party may be, all the guests are on the *qui vive* until they have found the hostess. They give a scanty attention to any friends they may meet; they dare not have tea or settle down into a comfortable talk until they have reported themselves, as it were, to their superior officer. "First find your hostess" is the unvarying rule of English etiquette, although she is too busy when found to do anything more than shake hands with a mechanical smile. She remains firmly fixed by the doorpost at the head of the stairs as long as she can bear it, so that her guests may get their greeting off their minds as soon as they come. Now the American plan is quite different. When a hostess gives a large crush over there, she invites two or three of her friends or relatives to act as deputy hostesses. They stop the whole afternoon devoting themselves to looking after the visitors, effecting introductions, offering refreshments, and generally promoting

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the enjoyment of others. They are easily known, the outward and visible sign of the assistant hostess lying in the fact that she is without any hat or bonnet. One of these ladies often relieves the hostess for a while by standing by the door to receive, so that the latter can give a little individual attention to those she wants to say a word to. The American guest hopes to see his hostess later on, but he does not worry until he does see her. Our own system has its good side in the importance it gives to the mistress of the house, but there is something to be said for the American plan on the grounds of comfort.

The Grosvenor Gallery is about to change hands, and the club must seek for new premises. The Orchestrelle Company, of Regent Street, the owners of the pianola, have found it necessary, owing to the great increase of their business, to procure larger premises, and have entered into a contract to purchase the property. The Grosvenor Gallery has in the past been noted for fine picture exhibitions, and more recently as the scene of the popular Grosvenor "at homes." In this latter connection it is interesting to note that the purchasers intend giving æolian and pianola recitals, in which well-known artists will take part, in the large hall which forms part of the property. Alterations and decorations on a magnificent scale are to be effected, and with a floor space of some fifty thousand square feet, the new home of the pianola should rank among the largest and most sumptuous musical-instrument premises in existence.



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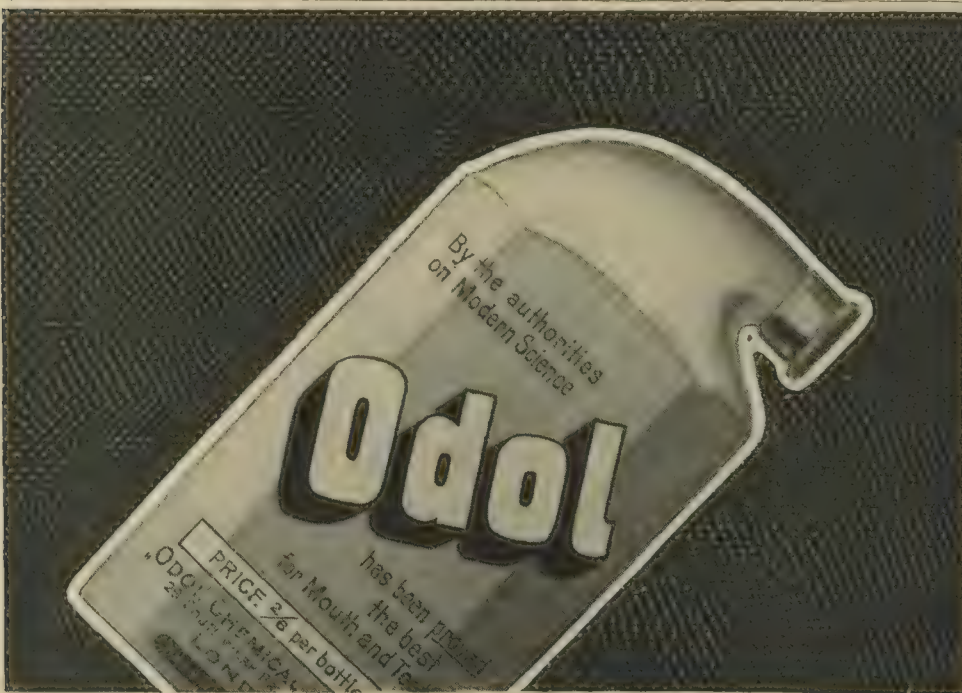


A NEW COAT.

An important sale will be opened on Monday next at the united establishments of Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, and Messrs. Mappin Brothers. These well-known firms have lately decided to join forces, and their great silver sale will be held simultaneously at 158-162, Oxford Street, 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., 220, Regent Street, and 66, Cheapside. The sale will comprise some really wonderful bargains in silver plate, cutlery, and jewellery, for it is many years since Messrs. Mappin and Webb held any sort of sale at all, and then it was only due to the rebuilding of their premises. No special catalogue of the sale will be issued, as it would be impossible to deal with so enormous a stock in that form; but everything will be much reduced in price. No such sale has taken place in London within the memory of the present generation, and all who are thinking of replenishing their household goods, or of purchasing presents, should take care to visit personally one or other of the four establishments at which it is in progress at the earliest possible opportunity.

The new coat depicted by our Artist this week is something like the paletots which used to be worn in the days of Leech. It can be made in white or in biscuit-coloured cloth, trimmed with dark brown and silk embroidery. The cape or epaulettes will be a great feature in the new spring jackets. The evening dress is made in white mousseline-de-soie, with pink chiffon roses inserted on the lace which forms its trimming.

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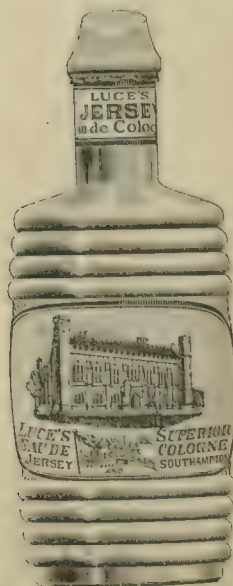
The island lies off the Mediterranean coast of France, and is in the Department of the Aude. The ground is intersected with canals provided with locks at their mouth. After the tide water has flowed in and inundated the flat lands, the locks are closed, and the water is allowed to evaporate by the sun's heat. The salt at the bottom is then piled up in heaps for transport to market.

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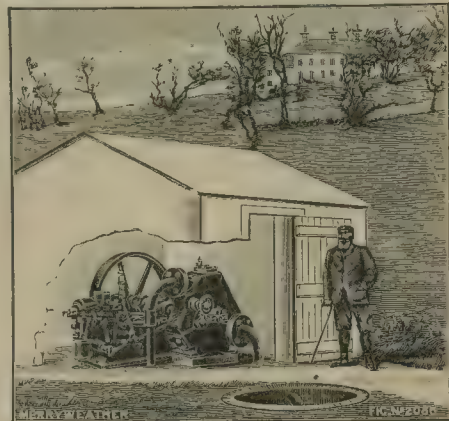
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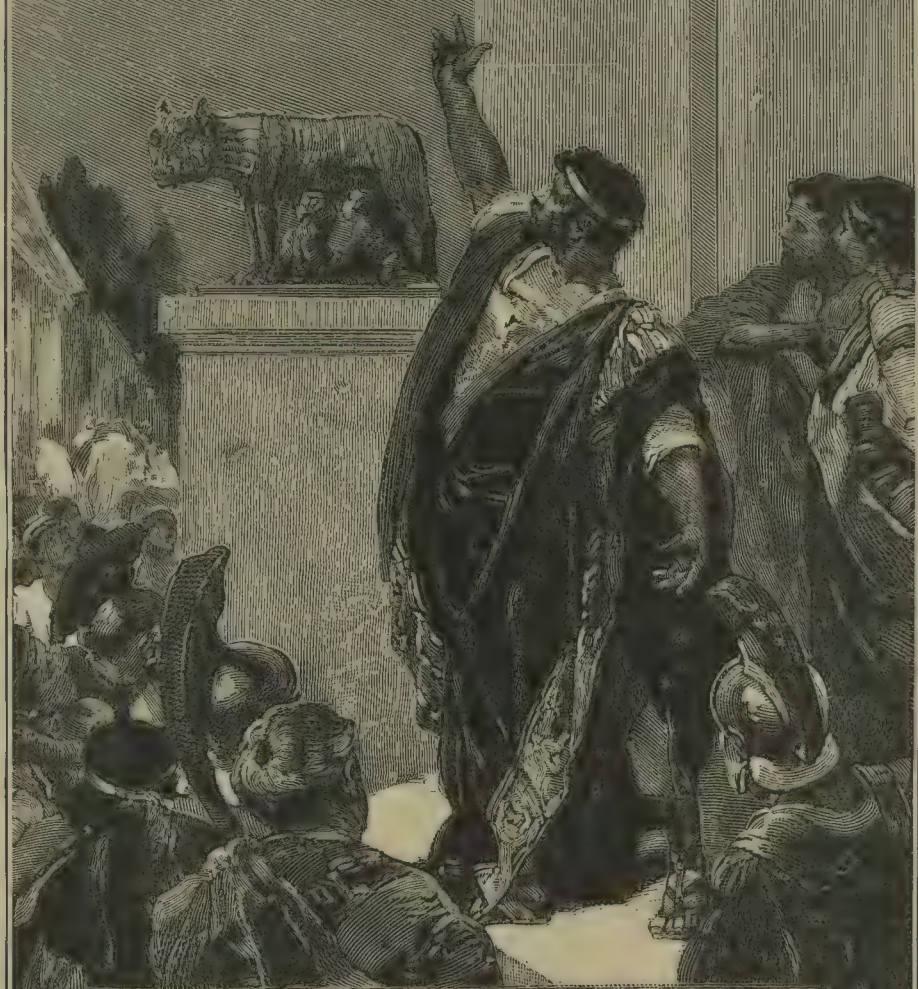
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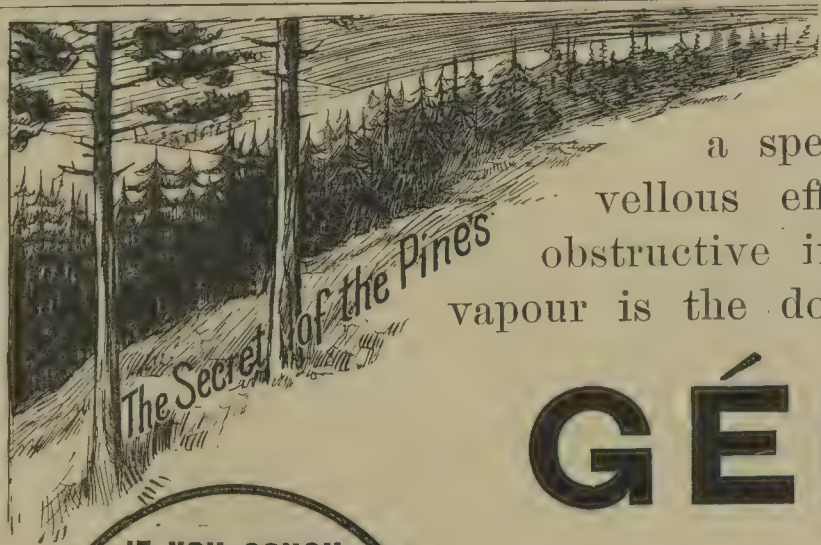
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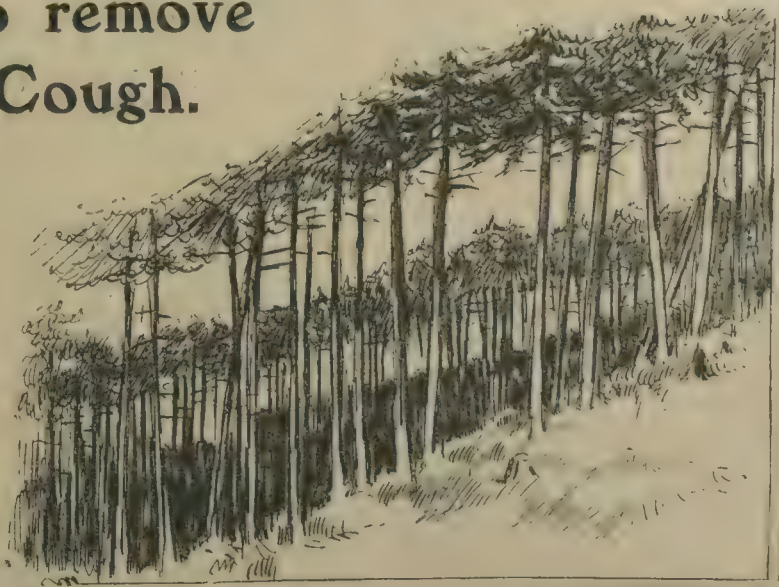
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 1, 1900), with a codicil (dated Dec. 31, 1901), of Miss Anna Louisa Cohen, of 5, Great Stanhope Street, Mayfair, 14, Adelaide Crescent, Hove, and Nevill Court, Tunbridge Wells, who died on Oct. 20, has been proved by Miss Lucy Cohen, the sister, and Arthur Lucas, the value of the estate being £302,214. The testatrix bequeaths £500 to the Jews' Free Schools, Bell Lane; £300 to the Jews' Infant Schools; £200 each to the Jewish Board of Guardians, the United Synagogue, the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, and the Evelina Hospital for Sick Children, Southwark Bridge Road; £150 to the Institution for Oral Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, £100 each to the Jewish Hospital and Orphan Asylum, the West London Synagogue, the Jewish Ladies' West End Charity, and Queen Charlotte's Lying-In Hospital; and £50 each to the Jewish Deaf and Dumb Home, the Middlesex Hospital, and the Sussex County Hospital. Miss Cohen further bequeaths her illuminated books to her nephew by marriage, Lord Rosebery; a large box with silver mounts and small green pillars to Lord Dalmeny; her large dressing-case to the Hon. Neil Primrose; two large Chinese painted fans, diamond jewellery, and lace to Margaret Lady Crewe and the Hon. Sybil Myra Caroline Primrose; £100 each to Lord Dalmeny and the Hon. Neil Primrose for

the purchase of a memento; her lac boxes to Colonel Charles Henry Luard; and a Chinese fan to Lady Emma Rothschild. Subject to a few small legacies, she leaves the residue of her property to her sister Lucy, but on her decease the bust of her father is to go to the Jews' Free Schools; the portrait of her uncle John Samuel to the Fishmongers' Company; the pictures at 5, Great Stanhope Street, by old Italian masters, to the National Gallery; and the blue Sèvres Seaux, and the collection of sepia drawings by Colonel Batty, to Lord Rosebery for the Mentmore Collection.

The will (dated June 10, 1902) of Mr. Bernard Critchley-Salmonson, J.P., of Rosenau, Torquay, who died on Nov. 28, was proved on Jan. 22 by Alfred Asheton Critchley-Salmonson, Joseph William Mayo, William Wilking Stabb, and Harry Dundee Hooper, the executors, the value of the estate being £228,017. The testator gives £2000 each in trust for his grandchildren; the income from £1000 to his old servant, Mary Broadhurst; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves in trust for his seven children, Godfrey, Francis Bernard, Alfred Asheton, William, Arthur, and Harold Septimus, and Mrs. Florence Marion Frances Ussher, in equal shares.

The will (dated March 26, 1900), with a codicil (dated Nov. 5, 1902), of Mr. David Little, M.D., of Court Heath, Buxton, and John Street, Manchester, who died on

Oct. 27, was proved on Jan. 24 by Mrs. Marian Little, the widow, and Arthur Godfrey Roby, the executors, the value of the estate being £99,711. The testator bequeaths £1000 to his wife; £200 to Arthur Godfrey Roby; £100 to John Dixon Mann; £100 per annum to his sister Henrietta Beattie; £50 per annum to his sister Margaret McLean; and £50 each to his nieces, Aggie, Gertrude, and Witchie Little. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his wife for life or widowhood, and then as she shall appoint, and in default thereof for his children, David Shaw, Dora, and Marie Beattie, in equal shares. Should Mrs. Little again marry, an annuity of £500 is to be paid to her.

The will (dated Dec. 30, 1895), with two codicils (dated June 17, 1898, and July 17, 1899), of the Rev. Charles Richard Scholfield, M.A., of 19, Coleherne Road, Earl's Court, who died on Dec. 23, was proved on Jan. 23 by Mrs. Ellen Scholfield, the widow, Major George Peabody Scholfield, the son, and the Rev. Tom Jeffcoat, the executors, the value of the estate being £92,383. The testator devises to his wife the advowson of Great Ouseburn, Yorkshire, and he gives to her the household furniture, carriages and horses, and the amount standing in their joint names at his bankers, and a sum equal to the balance in his ledger of the "Charity Fund in the

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name of W. F. Scholfield," feeling sure that she will deal with the same according to his wishes; and to his executor, the Rev. Tom Jeffcoat, £100 and £50 per annum while he shall act. The residue of his property he leaves in trust for his wife for life, or of one eighth thereof should she again marry. Subject to a power of appointment over £7000 by her, the ultimate residue is to be divided between his children, the shares of his sons to be double that of his daughters.

The will (dated Feb. 13, 1902) of Mr. William Goldsmith Lister Lane, of 71, St. James's Street, and Kynachan Lodge, Pitlochry, who died on Dec. 27, was proved on Jan. 27 by Sir Walter Sherburne Prideaux and Charles Hawkes, the executors, the value of the estate being £66,912. The testator bequeaths £15,000 each to his nieces Florence and Edith Berrington; £5000 to his nephew Evelyn Berrington; £2000 to his nephew John Berrington; £100 to his sister Elizabeth Mary Copeland; £500 to William Bradford; £500 to Sir Walter Prideaux; £300 to Charles Hawkes; £100 each to Tom Lane, Hilda Franklen, and Maggie Lane Scott; £120 per annum to his brother Charles for life, and then £1000 between his children; £1000 and the contents of Kynachan Lodge and stables, except plate, guns, and wines, to Ann Macdonald if in his employ during the last shooting preceding his decease; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his sister Ada Barbara Berrington, for life, and then for her children, Evelyn, John, Florence, and Edith.

The will (dated Aug. 27, 1901) of Mr. William Charles Brown, of 1, Cromwell Crescent, South Kensington, who

died on Dec. 12, was proved on Jan. 20 by Colonel D'Oyly Cade Battley and Rochfort Astle Sperling, the executors, the value of the estate being £30,659. The testator bequeaths £12,000 stock and his jewels to his daughter Mabella Harriett Stewart Brown; £2000 and an annuity of £50 to Ada M. M. Battley; £600 debentures to Mrs. Diana Edie; £400 debentures to Miss Diana Rochfort; and £250 to Rochfort Astle Sperling. He devises all his interest in the Ballycrossane estate, Galway, to Colonel Battley. The residue of his property he leaves to the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund, the United Kingdom Beneficent Association, the Clergy Orphan Corporation, the Church Missionary Society, the Colonial and Continental Church Society, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the Irish Distressed Ladies' Fund, the Bishop of London's Fund, and Queen Victoria's Clergy Fund.

The will (dated Aug. 3, 1875) of Admiral Edward Stanley Adeane, C.M.G., of 28, Eaton Place, who died on Oct. 18, was proved on Jan. 22 by Lady Edith Isabella Adeane, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £28,195. The testator leaves all the property he may die possessed of to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Sept. 29, 1890) of the Right Rev. Frederick Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, of Lambeth Palace, who died on Dec. 23, was proved on Jan. 26 by Mrs. Beatrice Blanche Temple, the widow, the sole executrix, the value of the estate being £18,262. The testator leaves all his estate to his wife.

The will (dated April 28, 1892) of Alderman Sir Frank Green, Bart., late Lord Mayor of London, of 74, Belsize Park Gardens, and 193, Upper Thames Street, who died

on Dec. 3, was proved on Jan. 28 by Sir Francis Haydn Green, Bart., the son, and Henry Green, the brother, the value of the estate being £17,115. The testator bequeaths his Corporation testimonials to his son Francis, and subject thereto leaves all his property in equal shares to his children.

Dr. Overton, the new Canon of Peterborough; has written several valuable books on English Church history in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. His Life of William Law is well known, and he has lately published a book on the Nonjurors. While Rector of Epworth, he was noted for his interest in John Wesley, and for his kindness to strangers who came to visit this famous shrine of Methodism.

The National Vigilance Association, 319, High Holborn, W.C., has very opportunely issued a new edition of an interesting booklet, containing a strongly worded warning to young women going abroad to situations or otherwise. A copy of the booklet can be had free by writing to the Secretary of the National Vigilance Association, 319, High Holborn, London, W.C., and enclosing a stamped envelope.

Continental travellers will be glad to learn that the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean, and Eastern of France Companies have, on the urgent representation of the London, Brighton, and South Coast and South-Eastern and Chatham Railways, agreed to continue the issue of the greater portion of the Italian circular tickets, which visitors to the Riviera and Italy have hitherto found so convenient, and which it had been announced would be withdrawn this season.

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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Archbishop-designate of Canterbury and Mrs. Davidson are on their way home from Biarritz, and are to be the guests of the Bishop of Guildford and Mrs. Sumner in the Close, Winchester, for some days before the enthronement. The Palace at Canterbury will be ready for the new Primate by Easter. Mrs. Temple intends to live at Oxford for two or three years.

In the Church magazines of Kensington much space was lately given to the "missionary mission," which was held last autumn. At the recent Foreign Missions Committee of the London Diocesan Conference, it was stated that the offers of personal service, as a result of the mission, had as yet been few, and that only the inner circle of congregations had been attracted. The great difficulty in such work is to follow up the lectures and addresses of the missionaries by personal appeals to individuals.

The *Church Missionary Gleaner* for February, in noting the retirement of Mr. Eugene Stock, mentions

that it was he who founded this attractive little paper in 1874. When Mr. Henry Wright became honorary secretary, he urged the importance of producing a more popular and lively magazine than the C.M.S. had yet attempted. Mr. Stock was invited to Salisbury Square to undertake this work and with a view to his shortly becoming editorial secretary. The *Gleaner* is now in its thirtieth year, and during this period its general appearance has remained unchanged, though it has grown from twelve to sixteen pages. Mr. Stock is now settled at Bournemouth.

The Rev. F. S. Webster, Rector of All Souls', Langham Place, has become one of the best-known clergymen in London, owing to the semi-teetotal pledge which has been introduced in connection with the mission at his church. He is, however, himself a strong total abstainer, and on a recent Sunday he denied that he had started a new temperance movement. His mission was on the old lines for the promotion of Christian total abstinence. The result was that about one hundred and fifty people signed the total abstinence

pledge, while three signed the semi-teetotal pledge which was so widely advertised in the papers. Mr. Webster contends that the arguments for total abstinence are from the Christian standpoint unanswerable. The other pledge, he said, was only a second-best policy.

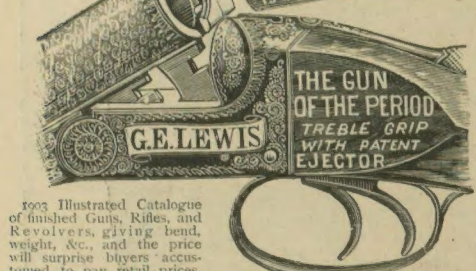
Westminster Chapel, which has been for some months without a pastor, has invited Mr. Samuel George Smith, of St. Paul's, Minnesota, to become its minister. It would be an excellent thing if some enterprising American, like Dr. Smith or Dr. Gunsaulus, could take over the great building at Westminster and work it on the lines which have proved so successful in the larger American cities. It seems hopeless to expect that, under the present conditions of Westminster life, any ordinary pastorate could fill the great empty spaces of Samuel Martin's chapel.

It is intended to hold a service of united intercession for foreign missions at St. Paul's Cathedral on Tuesday, May 19. The similar service last spring, when the Bishop of London was the preacher, proved in every way successful.

## In this weather everyone should use Vinolia Soap.

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TRADE MARK REGISTERED.  
AS AN EJECTOR.  
HONOURS: Paris, 1878; Sydney, 1879; Melbourne, 1881; Calcutta, 1884.



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Can now be treated Hygienically by use of

### "SILKY-FIBRE" ASEPTIC HANDKERCHIEFS.

DESTROYED AFTER USE, PREVENT INFECTION, AND LESSEN THE LEVY OF THE LAUNDRESS.

"Beautifully soft, highly absorbent."—The Lancet.

In boxes of 100, medicated either with Eucalyptus or fragrant Pine Oils, 2/6; also folded singly in portable case of 3 doz., not medicated, 1/1. At Chemists, &c., or post free in United Kingdom from Makers—

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FREE Sample of the No. 2 Toilet Pocket Book will be sent by the Makers with the 2s. 6d. Box until March 31. London Wholesale Depot: The Tasmanian Eucalyptus Oil Co., 136, Leadenhall Street, E.C. Australasian Agents: Charles Showers & Co., York Chambers, Queen Street, Melbourne.

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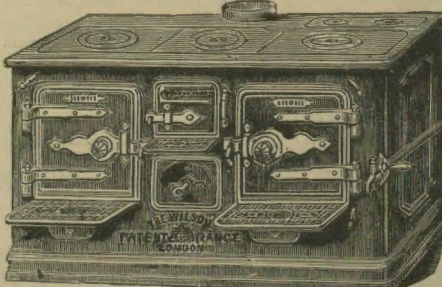
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**IMPERIAL LIQUEUR.**  
A Luxury in Whisky.



# Headache

## GIDDINESS & BILIOUSNESS

MRS. E. FAIL, a miner's wife, of Grave's Row, Dudley, interviewed by a "Shields Morning Mail" reporter, said: "Some ten or fifteen years ago I began to be troubled with sick headaches. At first they only came on occasionally, but gradually they got worse, until I had an attack of biliousness nearly every day. The headaches were accompanied by giddiness and a bad taste in the mouth. These attacks naturally interfered with my household duties, for on many days I had to lie in bed all day. Many a morning when I got up and made some tea I could not bear the sight of it. It looked just like gall. One evening I saw an advertisement in the papers speaking about the good Bile Beans did bilious people, and I determined to send for a box. When they came I took a dose at night before retiring. The next morning I felt a great deal better. I continued taking them, and the effect has been wonderful. I have never had a sick headache since I began to take Bile Beans, and I felt better in general health altogether. My appetite has improved, and I am now always ready for my meals. I have told a number of people of the benefit I derived, and my husband has done the same."



Bile Beans for Biliousness cure Headache, Influenza, Constipation, Piles, Liver Trouble, Rheumatism, Colds, Liver Chill, Indigestion, Flatulence, Dizziness, Debility, Anæmia, and all Female Ailments. Of all Chemists, or post free from the Bile Bean Manufacturing Co., Red Cross Street, London, E.C., on receipt of prices, 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per box. SAMPLE BOX FREE, on receipt of penny stamp to cover return postage, if this paper is mentioned; address the Bile Bean Co., Greek Street, Leeds.

ONE BEAN. ONE DOSE.

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BEANS  
FOR  
BILIOUSNESS**

BEWARE OF  
SUBSTITUTES.

The astounding success of this Australian Discovery has given birth to many vastly inferior imitations. It is always the aim of the unscrupulous dealer to play on the reputation of Bile Beans, and to secure large profits at the expense of his customer.

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OINTMENT

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Fine Selection.

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Fine Examples.

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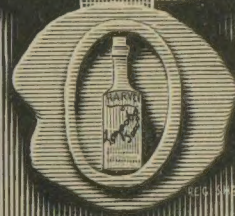
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And HEAD NOISES Relieved by Using  
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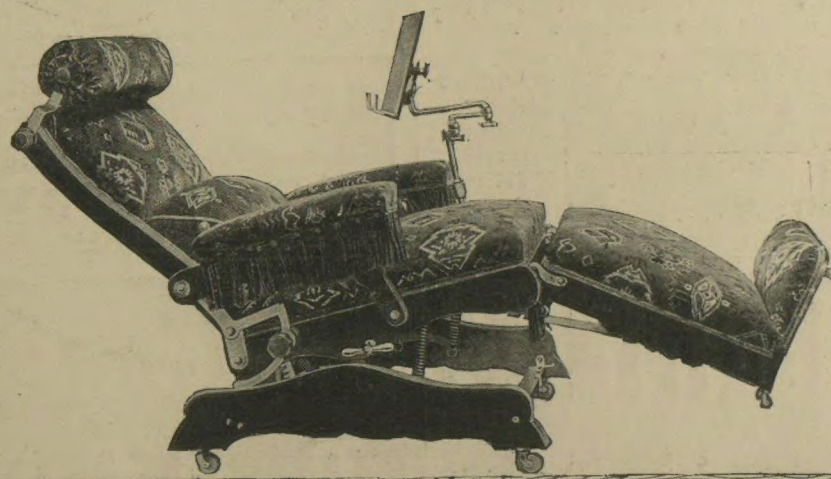
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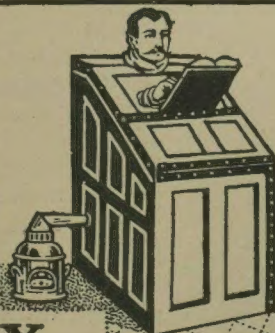
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